

A BOY of the GREAT NORTH WEST



BY ROBERT WATSON

A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST





The Boy of the Great North West.
Mitts and Mooseskin Coat, made by
Carrier Indians, Northern B.C.

A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

*The Rousing Experiences of a young Canadian
among Cowboys, Hunters, Trappers, Fur Traders,
Fishermen and Indians.*

by
ROBERT WATSON



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A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST



A Beautiful Totem of a Thunder Bird of British Columbia

A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

I had been reading the experiences of various boys in Eastern Canada, in the Arctic, in the South Pacific, and other places, usually the experiences of a journey occupying only a few weeks, or at most a few months, and I was hit with the idea that if a book could be written about such, surely the adventures of a boy who was born in British Columbia; and had lived and travelled for fourteen years all over the four Western Provinces of Canada — British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba — would be of interest to other boys, and to grown-ups too.

I thought surely this would be specially so, when almost the whole life of that boy had been spent outdoors, by forest, stream, trail and camp-fire, adventuring among Cowboys, Ranchers, Hunters, Trappers, Indians, Fishermen and Fur-Traders, and always in an atmosphere that was fresh and healthy, in the company of plain but clean-minded people, where he had a chance to learn much of animal and native life, many of the little-known stories of the early pioneers and traders, and much of the life out-of-doors and how that life could be lived to its fullest and best.

In working up my idea, I had the added advantages of having a father who was an old athlete, an active

outdoor man, a lover of books, a close observer of, and an authority on, animal and outdoor life, as well as being versed in the folk-lore and history of the Western country — and himself a writer.

The experiences and adventures I would tell about would be actually my own, and I would write simply of the things that I as a boy enjoyed, and remember most vividly; the things that interested an ordinary sports-loving fellow like me. In this way, I would write a book from a boy's point of view, for the entertainment of boys, but all along I would have at my elbow the life experiences of one who would answer from accurate first-hand knowledge any question of outdoor life and history I might shoot at him as I wrote.

In addition, he would see that my style of writing, and my grammar would not altogether disgrace the family, as they certainly would if I were left to ramble along entirely on my own.

Then, both my dad and I have been keen photographers all our lives. We never go out without a camera. This has resulted in our having hundreds of unusual photographs of many phases of outdoor life where we have travelled, and so I knew I would have no difficulty in finding plenty of good and uncommon illustrations for this book of adventures in Western Canada.

So I said to myself at last, "Here goes! It is a big thing to tackle, but if others have done it, so can I." And my dad said, "If a fellow makes up his mind, and stays with it, and gets interested in it, the work is done almost before he knows it."



Cree Indians. "Painted Cap" and "Star Blanket".

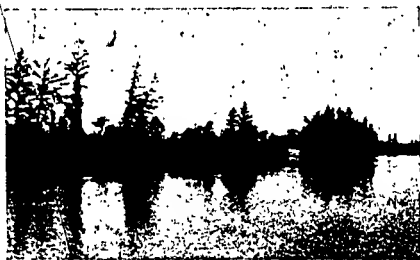
ON THE BANKS OF THE FRASER

Well, — I was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1914. We lived away in the southern part of the city, almost on the banks of the Fraser River which is famous for its salmon fishing. This river was followed to its source in 1808 by Simon Fraser, the famous explorer. Strangely enough, Fraser started this journey from the Northern Interior of British Columbia, the Stuart Lake region, where I travelled in 1928 with my dad, so that I was born where he finished, and my last journey was to where he started from.

Just a few things stand out in importance in my very juvenile years in Vancouver. One was that I commenced travelling on my own at the age of a year and a half. I climbed the garden gate, wandered off, crossed the tramway tracks several blocks away and managed to have a great time properly lost for four or five hours,

being found by my mother in what I called "The Button Shop", a drygoods store in Vancouver at which mother used to trade.

Then I can remember dad bringing home fresh salmon in the fall sea-



On the Banks of the Fraser River

son. He tells me that when the canneries got overstocked, the boats used to bring their loads down to the wharf near where he worked and dumped them there where anybody could purchase ten-to-twelve-pound fresh salmon for ten cents each.



"Murphy" All Dressed Up.

THE DOG MURPHY

Then I can remember Murphy. My uncle was a sea-captain and brought Murphy down from the North. Murphy was a real dog — a Dane mastiff. He weighed about 160 lbs, could jump over a five-foot fence and could fight anything called dog. But he was dead scared of frogs. If he heard one croak in a puddle,

he'd dig it out with his front paws, but if the frog got between his legs, Murphy would turn tail and race away as hard as he could. And he wouldn't come back even if dad whistled.

When we chained Murphy up to his kennel he'd go off, lugging his kennel after him, he was so strong. We used to find him sometimes over the back fence, half choked, and the kennel on the inside. He liked to howl up to the moon when it was full. You get what I mean — when it was full moon.

Every night, when dad was due home, Murphy would set off for the tram-stopping place, and in some strange way, even if dad came home late or early, Murphy could sense out the right car.

We used to dress him up sometimes, and he didn't like it a bit. It sort of hurt his dignity to be in a shirt, with a straw hat on his head.

Once my mother and dad wished to try him out as to which of them he liked better. They went to the street corner together, then went off in different directions without speaking. Murphy followed dad, then he looked back at mother and followed her. After a bit he left her and went back to the corner, where he sat down and howled dismally. He liked them both the same, I guess, but he was a wise old dog.

"Some man who didn't like dogs poisoned a lot of them near us. Then Murphy got it, but we managed to get him well again. Then he got poisoned again, and so badly this time that he had to be shot.

Any man who could kill a dog like dear old "Murf", or any other dog, isn't much of a man. Don't you think so?

We kept chickens at the foot of our garden. A rat used to kill the baby chicks, eat the eggs, and frighten the hens. Dad laid a trap and caught the rat, and when the hens and the rooster saw that the rat was caught in the trap and helpless, they attacked it and pecked it till it died. It is strange how one can remember things like that from away back, when one was very little, and often can't remember now such important things as shutting doors, cleaning feet on the door-mat, table manners and being polite.

STRANGE NEIGHBOURS

We had a strange mixture of people living around us in Vancouver. One house had a Mormon family but with only one mother in it, another had an Austrian Jew family, then there was a Salvation Army family, a family of Canadians, an English family, and we passed as Scottish. Dad tells me it is not Scotch. People are Scots or Scottish, but not Scotch. Scotch is whisky or broth, or perhaps butter-scotch.

Over the way from our house there was a shack full of Hindus, about eight of them, who worked in the lumber yards and 'batched' together, cooking, smoking, washing clothes, and sleeping all in the same room. At

that time, British Columbia had about two thousand Hindus. They came over to settle as British subjects from India. But there soon was a danger of too many of them coming — just like the Japanese in California — so they were stopped after a big load of them arrived and weren't allowed to land. They were kept on the boat in Vancouver for maybe as long as six weeks, maybe longer, then they were shipped back to India when they saw it was no good waiting. They wore long hair under their turbans and had beards, but were quite peaceable.

Last year, when I was back in Vancouver, I noticed what were left of them had their hair cut, were shaved, and wore modern hats and suits. But they have a Sikh temple in Vancouver, where they take off their shoes before they go in.

A block down from us there was a Chinese place where they did laundry work. I used to watch them as they filled their mouths with water and squirted it over the clothes to damp them for ironing. That wasn't very nice. I guess they don't do that now, anyway not when anyone is watching them.

An early thing I can remember, too, was that every Sunday morning in the spring, summer and fall dad and mother used to take my sister and me over into the forest lands that lay behind our house, where we got to love to play and watch the birds, and the frogs in the green, slimy pools, and where we learned about the different kinds of flowers and trees. Dad knew

about the animals and birds, but mother was better at flowers and plants and trees.

Of course, you understand I was a very little chap then and I am telling this part from the point of view I had then. It is all quite different when a fellow gets to be twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen and sees things all over the country, and rubs shoulders with fellows at a College school where all the mollycoddle soon gets knocked out of him.

CHINATOWN AND JAPTOWN

Sometimes dad would take me down and through Chinatown. My grandmother lives in Vancouver and I go back almost every two years. I have got to like to wander away by myself, down on to the waterfront to watch the boats come in and go out, down to Chinatown where the Chinamen just seem to be lounging about doing nothing. Of course a few of them are busy with vegetables, chickens, and in stores that smell of China and the Chinese. They still wear loose-fitting silk clothes and Chinese slippers in the summer-time and indoors. Of course others dress just as we do and know all our ways. Now, even today, the police find underground passages in Vancouver's Chinatown, where gambling goes on. But I haven't seen that, although dad has. He says he likes to see everything he can at least once.

But when one reads the examination lists of the schools, it is often the Chinese boys and girls who are found to head the classes. I guess they take school more seriously than we do. The Chinese boys are good athletes too. One year, the school football champions of the city were a team from Central School on which almost all the players were Chinese. The principal of that school was a friend of my dad's and he was very proud of his Chinese athletes.

Another lot of good boy athletes are the Japanese. They go in a lot for baseball and have some dandy teams. They do a lot of wrestling, too, among themselves.



Children of Japanese Fishermen,
Steveston, B. C.

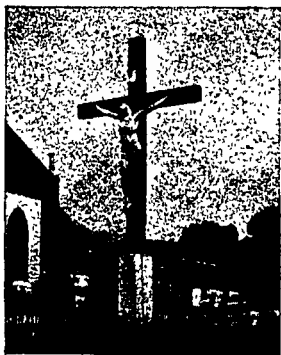
Japtown is down near the waterfront at Vancouver. They are chiefly store-keepers and merchants, and fishermen, and a great many of them, including the Japanese women, seem to be barbers. The Japanese are very fond of their children, are always playing with them, and never seem to whip them, and yet they aren't

any worse or even as bad as children that get beaten.

Over the water — Burrard Inlet — there is a settlement of Siwash Indians. They were mostly fishermen in the early days, but have gone back as a race with too close contact with white people. In their church they have a life-sized figure of Jesus on the Cross. This used to stand outside, where everybody could see it. It was very beautiful, but very sad-looking. I think it was put inside because people didn't like to see it shown so openly. My dad took a photograph of it twenty years ago, when it was outside, so perhaps he will let me have a copy of it for this book, if this ever becomes a book.

Vancouver is a city in very beautiful surroundings — snow-covered mountains and sunshine dancing on the sea everywhere. When my mother was a little girl in Vancouver — she was born there — they used to pitch their tent on the Kitsilano beach and camp there all summer. If you did that now, you would find yourself and your tent in jail.

Being by the water all summer, she learned to be a fine swimmer, and she made up her mind that my sister and I would learn to swim early, and we certainly did, what with duckings, and going out on her back, and her slipping from under us almost before we could walk.



Crucifix by Indian Church
North Vancouver, B.C.

Then in Vancouver, we were so close to the grandest little settlements all up the coast, where one could rent a tiny house or shack, and a boat, and camp by the water all summer, with dad coming for week-ends and holidays.

SALMON FISHING AT HALFMOON-BAY

One summer, we went to a place called Halfmoon Bay. I was just a little fellow then, but I think I can remember more about that place than about anything that happened before.

We were in a tiny cabin that was built high on the rocks, close to the beach, and mother and dad would take us fishing, night after night, till we got so sleepy that we could never remember getting back home and being put to bed.

I can remember a funny old Klondike fellow, with a white moustache and blue eyes. He always talked to his cow when he drove her home along the beach, just as if she were his best friend. I guess she was too.

Dad told me afterwards about fishing for salmon up there. The salmon were running and our baggage hadn't come up from the landing stage, so dad and mother went out in a boat with us, taking an old trolling line with a rusty spoon that he found in the woodshed. Dad soon got a bite. He fought with the salmon for a long time, but it got away at last, with the broken spoon in its mouth.

When we came back, after a row up the lagoon, an old fellow was pulling a fishing net into his boat.

He had about a dozen salmon in the net. Mother asked him how much he wanted for one. He said, "Two-bits". That, of course, is twenty-five cents.

Dad rowed close in to him and threw him the quarter. The man tossed a salmon into the boat. When mother cleaned it, she found our broken spoon in its mouth. It was the very fish dad had hooked.

Now folks might say that is just a fish story. Well, it is — but not the kind they mean.

I know lots of strange fishing stories. They are true, for I have been fishing myself and with dad nearly all my life and in all kinds of places. I have been out on the Pacific coast, in the evening, with dad rowing and mother in the stern fishing for sea trout, with a line in each hand and me tired and asleep on her knee, when she got a fish on each line at once and had to drop me to pull in her catch. And I have seen her hook a fish, and when she was hauling it in it got swallowed by a big, ugly, goggle-eyed red rock cod, so that she got two fish on the same line, instead of one.

At this place, one night when all bundled up tightly in blankets ready for bed, mother took me over the rocks. They were slippery and she lost her balance and was sent running, tripping all the way on the smooth rock. She was stopped by a deadfall tree which lay across the rocks about up to her waist. She lost her clutch of me and I rolled over that log and on to the rocks away below. I guess mother and dad thought that was the end of me, but when they scrambled down they picked me up and I hadn't a mark or a scratch on me. I'll say I was lucky!

A COUGAR VISITS US

At another place up the coast where we were camping, there was about a mile and a half of trail through a forest to our cabin by the beach. I was just a little chap at the time and had been crying through the night, the way little kids do. Mother heard a high-pitched cry outside in answer, so she got up to look after me. She looked out at the window and there, standing on a rock close by, with his tail lashing and the moon shining full on him, was a great cougar, or mountain lion, looking all about him for the youngster that was crying. But that was one time he didn't get the supper he expected.

A VICTOR HUGO STORY

We camped several summers at Gibson's Landing and learned to swim there perhaps best of all. We used to row out to the islands where the water was



Fishing Fleet Moored alongside the Cannery. Pacific Coast, B.C.

deep, in great pools, with rocky sides and sandy and rocky bottoms. The water there was so clear that we could see away to the bottom, and when the sun shone into it, you could imagine all sorts of creepy things. When I went back three years ago, I went over to the old place for a swim and the same feeling of strange things got hold of me, only I was older and could compare the feelings with things I had read about — for instance I thought those pools would be a great home for an octopus, like the one in the story, "The Toilers of the Sea," by Victor Hugo. That is a great story book. I think it is in his book "Ninety Three" that Victor Hugo tells of the sergeant of the marines who let a cannon get loose on the after deck during a great storm, to the danger of the men and the ship. Then he dashed in and secured it with ropes, at the risk of his own life and limbs, and afterwards the commander mustered all on board, called out the sergeant and commended him for his bravery in securing the cannon, and pinned a medal on his breast. Then he told him he had been guilty of neglect of duty also, in letting the cannon get loose in the first place to the danger of the ship and the men. France, he said, rewarded her brave and punished her neglectful. The commander then sentenced the sergeant to be shot. And I guess he was shot.

Pretty tough on the sergeant, I think, but doesn't that kind of story sink into a fellow's mind? Hugo certainly was a great writer.

Then again, those rocky, under-water pools, made

me think of Ballantyne's "Coral Island", where the boys swam into a great cavern under water.

WE CAMP AND FISH

At Gibson's Landing, out around three small islands, mother caught thirty sea trout one evening, all in half an hour, just as the sun was going down, while I sat



A nice mess of Sea Trout
caught at Gibson's Landing
B.C.

in the bow of the boat and watched a seal that bobbed up every few minutes and turned his head about to look at us, wondering who we were, poaching on his preserves. My dad took a photo of those sea trout. Maybe he will let me have that one, too, for this book.

TO THE INTERIOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

My dad joined the Hudson's Bay Company service and got moved to Vernoh, in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, a great apple-orchard country, with cattle ranges and lots of lakes and, a few miles out, great forests. A few more miles out and one gets into country where there are gold mines and lots of bears, even silver-tip grizzlies, cougars, deer and the usual smaller fur-bearing animals. Out there, too, one gets on to the mountains known as the Gold Range, where

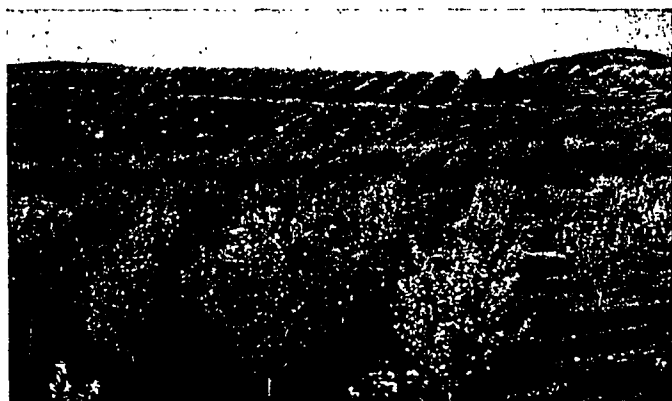
some of the peaks are nine thousand feet high and haven't a name at that, and the snow is on them all the year round, yet below, in the summer time, one is simply sweltering. Then there is a huge range country of maybe 300 miles between the Okanagan and the Kootenay Valleys.

My dad has trapped these mountains and along the Shuswap river, and he has got lost on the Harris Plateau hunting deer, but I'll tell you more about that later on.

Anyway, he went to Vernon in the month of November. I was still just a little kid. We followed him about a month later, my mother, my sister and I.

Vernon is 300 miles east of Vancouver, and 80 miles south of the main C.P.R. line.

We got there in a raging blizzard. I remember



Apple Orchards, Coldstream near Vernon, B.C.

some of it, for it was the first real blizzard I had ever been in and it almost took my breath away. Other parts I have heard about often enough since, for my mother was used to the more temperate winter weather of Vancouver and was afraid of what she might be coming to, but there wasn't any need to worry and she has had to go to a whole lot worse since. The Okanagan Valley has only a very short winter although severe at times, but I think it has the most wonderful climate in the world — I mean of the parts of the world that I have ever been in.

Dad had a cutter with a great horse in it waiting for us. That horse was so big, it looked to me like a camel. I thought this part great, only the horse kept trying to turn back and make for its stable near the station, as dad tried to drive it down the main road. One time it nearly went through a window of the Hudson's Bay store.

"Gee, dad, — but you're an awful driver," my sister said, and I don't think dad liked it a bit.

LIFE IN THE ORCHARD COUNTRY

About the first few days we were there, there was an old Chinaman hanged himself in a yard in a back road, and nobody thought it was his business to cut him down. Of course, he was dead anyway. We went and had a good look at him. My mother did not know

we had gone until afterwards. Soon after this, the policeman heard about it and took the dead man away.

There were all kinds of Chinamen about apart from him, but I guess the old fellow was somebody's granddad.

The Chinamen in the Okanagan mostly had market gardens, and they could grow anything and more of it than anybody else, and Sundays or holidays were all the same to them. They worked just the same, except at nights when they played on squeaky fiddles and battered on tom-toms round at their own part of the town.

They went in mostly for growing vegetables. The white people grew apples in their orchards. Orchards were everywhere. That's the place for a boy to go to who likes apples. We had them in our own garden, tree loads of them, and the ranchers we knew let us have all we wanted for nothing, only they made it a rule that we must bring our own sacks to take them away in. I guess they thought it would be too much of a good thing to supply the sacks as well. I have eaten ten a day often, day after day. Apples of course, I mean, not sacks! One might think I meant sacks in that sentence. The English language is quite hard to get the right meaning out of. Writing is a harder job than I thought it was and I didn't even think dad was working when he sat down to write. I got a kind of notion that he was fooling his time and just went upstairs to write to get out of drying the dishes, or something. But I find now he is cleverer than I thought. Of course, doing the same kind of work, as I am trying to do, makes a fellow sympathetic for the other fellow. Doesn't it?

COYOTES AND INDIANS

We had a fine little bungalow, with roses and creepers growing all over it and a great garden. We could wander anywhere. Vernon lies in a valley. We lived at the far end of the town, on the way to the Okanagan Lake. There was a high range of hills at the back of our place, ending behind us in a rocky bluff. In the winter, at night time, we could hear the coyotes howling, as they came over the range and down into the valley behind our place so as to get over to the lake on the ice. On our first Christmas Eve there, we looked out at our front window very late and watched a coyote digging and snuffing about at something on our front lawn. He was very suspicious and kept raising his head and his ears every few seconds. At last he took fright and loped off across the fields to the lake.

On Saturdays, the ranchers, and cowboys, and Indians from the reservation with their wives and families, used to come in to town to shop and lounge around. The Indians unhitched their wagons and tied up their horses on a vacant piece of land on the main road, and the women and the children, all dolled up in their best, used to squat there all day long, as the men wandered about with Stetson hats, silk-coloured handkerchiefs, high-heeled boots, chapps and spurs. They were always very well behaved.

The first Indian I ever got to know up there was one dad knew. His name was Pierre Jack, and he wore all the cowboy stuff, with great sheepskin chapps. I didn't know as much then as I know now and I kept wandering round Pierre and feeling those woolly chapps. I thought he must be half man and half animal, and that the woolly chapps were really his own hairy legs. That was dumb of me, I guess, but it was true just the same.

SCHOOL IN THE FAR WEST

I went to school at Vernon, and a fellow certainly had to scrap his way along there, especially if he was a bit of a stranger as I was. In a fight, my nose would always bleed. That used to scare me at first, but I got used to it and after a bit it wouldn't stop me, and later on I learned to guard my nose pretty well.

After my uncle came home from the war he came to visit us from Vancouver. He and mother were walking along the road when they came on a bundle of boys all mixed up in a pile and scrapping pretty hard. It was a muddy day too.

My uncle laughed and said to mother, "I wouldn't wonder if your young hopeful is in that heap of kids."

My mother said, quite proudly, "I should say not; he is not that kind of a boy."

My uncle went over and scattered the crowd, and, sure enough, he picked me out from the bottom of the pile, and he hardly knew me for mud. My mother was terribly disappointed in me. I guess it did kind of show her up before my uncle. Of course, no boy should be fighting all the time or looking for fights, because that isn't nice, but sometimes a fellow just has to stand up for himself or he'd soon find himself lying down, and no fellow wants to be a scared-cat.

At Vernon the teachers licked us a lot. One of them used to drop a nickel on the floor and order us to pick it up, and when we bent down for it, he'd take a crack at us with his strap. That was kind of mean and something a fellow's own dad would never think of doing.

FISHING TROUT IN A GARDEN

We had a flume running alongside our garden. You see, in the Okanagan Valley it is dry all summer long, with no rain at all really, excepting about twice each summer and then a fierce thunder plump with lightning comes on and creates a regular wash-out; but usually the orchards get dried out and simply have to have water. This water is brought down in a stream and then in wooden flumes from two lakes up in the mountains called Aberdeen and Haddo Lakes, about thirty

miles away. The water flows down and each rancher has to pay for permission to open the flume gates at his place for a certain number of hours each week, when the water runs all over in little ditches about the roots of his apple trees.

The lakes I have mentioned are full of trout, and these often get into the flumes. I have caught live trout in our flume often and often with my hands.

There was the dandiest little stream at the foot of our garden. It didn't look anything for fishing, and my dad laughed at me when I said there were fish in it. But we went down one evening. Before very long, I got a good one about half a pound, then I got another about a pound, and a third about seven ounces. Dad didn't get a nibble because he refused to use worms with a fly. He didn't think it was fair fishing.

Often after that, I used to go down to the stream and fish my own supper. I always used a red coachman fly, with three or four worms hooked on to it as a tasty bite.

I heard about a remittance man who came to the Okanagan and bought himself a ranch at a certain place because there was a stream running close by his bedroom window, and he could lie in bed reading a book and fish out of the window at the same time. Of course, the ranch itself wasn't much good, but the fishing was.

CHICKADEES AND A CAT

Right at the foot of our garden there was a strongly built chicken house which we didn't use. Dad, who was always thinking out things, had it moved up near the house. He took all the insides out of it and put the hose on it in there for about a week.

Then he kalsomined it in nice colours, put a curtain on the window and a screen door on it, put linoleum on the floor, put in a bed, a little table and chair, and before I knew it he had the dandiest place for me to sleep in all summer on my own.

A pair of cheeky little chickadees nested in a hole under the roof and the chatter of them was something terrible. They scolded me every time I went in and every time I came out. But after a while they got used to me. But when they raised their young ones, our cat Peter, a big blue Persian, got his eye on the nesting place. One Sunday morning the chatter and racket were so awful that I got up to see what the trouble was. There was Peter crouched on the edge of the roof, bending over and trying to get his paw in under, to where the mother chickadee and her young ones were. But they were too far in for Peter to reach. The father chickadee was scolding on a nearby tree and every now and again the gallant little fellow would fly over to Peter and peck him on the head and the nose. How he ever kept out of Peter's clutches I really don't

know. But I had to keep an eye on Peter after that, especially when the young ones began to try their wings. Peter did get one of them, but all the others got safely away, and the chickadees nested there every year afterwards.

BANDS OF WILD HORSES

Dad and I used to trudge over the ranges behind our place. One would hardly believe it, but it is quite true — there were bands and bands of wild horses up there, lots of them that had never known a stable, or a bit, or a bridle, in all their free lives. We often used to come across them as they were busy at some salt lick. One time dad came on a band. They ran off, all except one that could hardly hobble. When he got up to it, he found it must have been attacked by coyotes. There was a lot of flesh eaten out of its hind-quarter and the flies and other insects had made a pitiful mess of it. The poor thing must have suffered tortures; it was being slowly eaten alive by insects and grubs. Of course it was immediately shot to put it out of its misery, but it had some determination to keep going so long with the other horses.

Some of the wilder stallions of these bands used to go down to the farms and tear down the fences and entice the mares away from the ranch pastures. When they got too troublesome, the men would band them-

selves together and go after them, thinning them out by shooting them.

When there is an exhibition stampede coming on in Vernon, which they had every year when we were there, the men go out and catch the wildest horses they can, and then we get lots of fun watching the cow-punchers and the Indians trying to ride them. I remember there was one wild one called Steamboat. He was built big and heavy, like a Clydesdale, with great hairy feet, but, gee! how that Steamboat could go, and buck, and jump. Nobody could hold him, nobody could stay on him. He never seemed to tire, and could race about with his back humped like a camel, sometimes it looked as if he had two humps like a dromedary. He even kicked to pieces the corral they made for him. The Indians and cowboys rode steers and roped them, and bull-doized them. I guess everybody knows what bull-doizing means. The man rides up to a racing steer, jumps off and catches the steer by the horns and tries to bring him to the ground and pin him down by twisting his head round — a sort of wrestling match in which the steer always seems to be on the losing end. But often a man gets hurt in this game.

I saw one Indian riding a horse, and it threw him. He limped up and went after it to try again. His wife, an Indian woman with a baby in her arms, ran out on to the field and pulled him away.

"No, no!" she cried. "If you get more hurt, or killed, all for ten dollars, who look after me an' my

baby. "You stop!" she cried to him. He pushed her away, but she clung on and wouldn't go, and finally she got her way, as ladies always do. He stopped, and everybody sided with the woman and gave her a cheer. We were all glad she won.

COYOTES AGAIN

I was talking about coyotes on the ranges a moment ago. I think the coyote has the meanest disposition. The recent Indian Agent at Vernon, Major Megraw, whom I knew very well, and who was very kindly and always interested in boys, once told me the Okanagan Indian



Johnny Coyote.

legend of the coyote, and how the animal got its name. It was away back in the days before the white men came, perhaps at the beginning of time when there weren't any beasts — just birds. But my dad wrote a little story in verse about that legend afterwards. He says I can have it on loan for this book, so here it is.

It sounds far-fetched, but most Indian legends sound that way to us, although they often seem perfectly reasonable to the Indian.

JOHNNY COYOTE

When the earth was as young as you are today,
There was nothing but land and sea,
With millions of birds in their feathers gay,
And their King was the Big Tyee.

Some birds had the hearts of women and men,
And the hearts of the wild beasts too,
For they screeched and fought on the moor and fen:
A quarrelsome, noisy crew.

They harried the soul of the Big Tyee,
Till he called them at last to feast.
"Tomorrow," he said, "as you come to me,
I will change you from bird to beast."

And the birds they chirruped, and laughed, "He-he!"
They were anxious to change their lot.
They never fancied the life to be
Might be worse than the one they'd got.

So bright and early at break of day
They flocked to the Big Tyee,
Who changed them in turn to beasts of prey,
And beasts that they prayed to be.

When the Tyee thought that his task was done,

A sleepy old crow flew near.

"I forgot to wake with the rising sun.

I'm a little bit late, I fear."

"Just so! Let's seel" said the Big Tyee,

As he stroked on his bearded chin.

"And what kind of beast would you like to be;

A sloth, or a coyote thin?"

"Please make me a grizzly," the bird replied.

"I cannot; you've come too late."

"Then make me a buffalo, horns and hide;

A beaver, or cougar great."

"Too late, too late," came the Tyee's voice.

"These were picked at the bright sun's rise.

"Tis not for the sluggard to have his choice;

"Tis the watchful that gain the prize."

"But I must be a beast," wailed the blear-eyed bird.

While the Big Tyee sat mute.

He scanned his list to the last lone word,

Then he shouted that word, — "Coyote."

As the word was uttered, the old black crow

Dropped clean from the light of day,

A lean coyote scurried o'er the snow,

And out where the ranges lay.

And he isn't a wolf, or a dog, — not he.

He's a sort of an in-between.

He hates himself and he longs to be

The beast that he might have been.

He's a sneaky, scurrying kind of beast.

He howls at his low estate.

He's loathed the most, and he's loved the least

Of animals small or great.

Now, Johnny Coyote is a restless brute:

He keeps on the trot all day.

When the moon comes up he is still afoot,

Full twenty-four hours each day.

He never sleeps, so the wise folks tell;

Forever awake is he.

He'll be first next time, and he'll race pell-mell

At the call of the Big Tyee.

COYOTES HUNT A DEER

Once when we were driving to Sugar Lake in a sleigh, we saw some animals out on the ice. Dad went over and as he did so two coyotes ran away. A deer was left floundering, with some of its flank eaten out by the coyotes. They had chased it on to the ice where it hadn't much chance to run, then one of them harried

it in front while the other attacked it from behind, fixing its teeth in the back sinew of its leg and biting it through, ham-stringing it so that it couldn't run any more. Then when they got it down and helpless they had started in to eat it alive. That's the coyote for you! Forest life is cruel and one animal preys upon the other, but they are not always so cruel as that. Dad shot the deer to end its misery.

CAMPING BY LAKE AND IN FOREST

The first two summers that we were in the Okanagan, before we had a car, we had to stay around and swelter in the heat, and it certainly was a dry heat. We just burned up. My sister and I used to get into the flume when the water was running, but that was just like going into a hot bath. Then we got the hose rigged up and played under that every day. But there was usually a time around the end of August when the water was so scarce that we weren't allowed to use the hose. I guess the water supply has improved since that time.

Sometimes I'd start out and trudge in the dust and heat all the way two and a half miles down to Long Lake. Its Indian name is Kalamalka Lake. I would have a good swim and a fine cool off, but I'd be hotter than ever before I got half a mile on the way back

home. But I pretty often got picked up by somebody in his car and driven into town.

Then dad got a car and we began to enjoy life. Where we didn't go with that car wasn't worth thinking about. In twenty minutes we could be out in the wilds, and in an hour could be so far away from civilization that one wouldn't know there was any.

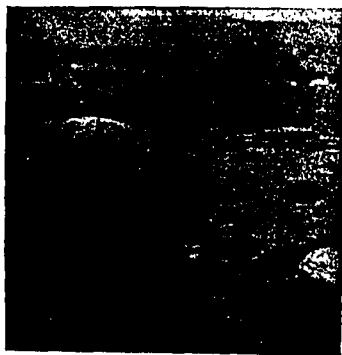
We motored to the lake every evening, had a swim and our supper on the beach, then home.

Week-ends never saw us in town any more. We would be miles out, at some great lake, or some lonely stream in the mountains, fishing and camping at night under a blanket, mother, dad, my sister Doreen and myself. We got to love the forest and sleeping out under the stars, with the big pine trees, and the shadows made by the moon, the sound of the rippling water and

the queer night noises of birds and animals that continually broke through the stillness of everything else.

Whenever we got hungry, we would just camp near to some stream, then dad would say,

"Well mother, spread the table-cloth on the grass and get the things out. Sonny and I will be back in half an hour with some



Okanagan Water Turtle.

fish. And sure enough, we would. We'd start in to whip the stream with short rods and coachman flies. The bush was generally so close to the water that we seldom had much room to play a long line or a cast of flies. One fly was all we could use, except, of course, when on the lakes, from a boat. But the fish in these tiny streams would just swallow our fly whole, and jump for it often two at a time, — brook trout. In thirty or forty minutes we would be back with a dozen or so, enough for a dandy, tasty meal. And one can get so hungry away out there.

Ham and eggs make another fine meal when out camping.

STEVEY — A GOOD SCOUT

I remember one time four car-loads of us went off for a week-end picnic, down one side of the eighty-mile long Okanagan Lake, and back home along the other side. We camped out in a row at night, all the girls on one side and all the boys on the other, with the married people in the middle. But everybody was too noisy and the mosquitoes were too troublesome for us to get very much sleep.

We had a funny fellow called Stevey with us. He was a Cockney and had been to the war and got hurt and gassed, and was living in Vernon for his health. That time he was a kind of half-time patient in the sol-

diers' hospital. But he was tough for all that. I mean wiry, and could stand a lot — not rough or uncouth. That's that blessed old English language again. Tough can mean so many things. Well, before the war, Stevey had been up the Mackenzie river in camps, as a cook, and trapping, and freighting. He was just a little man, but he was chock full of pep and fun. In the morning, he cooked ham and eggs for about sixteen of us, all in one frying-pan, and he had it all ready in half an hour. He could toss the eggs up in the air, out of the pan, and turn them over just as they do with flap-jacks. He had been a camp cook all right.

Stevey told us that before the war he came down into civilization with thousands of dollars that he had saved up, and he got foolish with it and in a few weeks he hadn't a cent. One trick he found himself at was stuffing ten-dollar bills down the radiator in the hotel. But Stevey was a real good scout.

He found wearing boots terribly irksome to his feet, after having used moccasins for so long in the north, and when he was in the army they had an awful job making him keep his boots on. He used to turn up at parade with moccasins, then he would get C.B. for it. He was even caught once at church parade with them on.

SOME HAPPY EVENINGS

My mother kept open house every Saturday night at our place. This was for the returned soldiers from the hospital and those of them who had taken up land under the Soldier Settlement Board. They used to come down, also some young ladies we knew, and they would sing and play and dance and have a good time till midnight, then they would have to stop and mother would serve them with tea. They would all wander off home after that, some of them many miles into the country. But we drove as many of them home as our little bus would carry.

Stevey was always at these gatherings. He liked a good time. He and another fellow, both under doctor's orders, in the hospital, used to sneak out whenever there was a dance in town, and they would dance all night and get back to the hospital all played out and not fit for a thing for days after. Some of the nurses used to say they let the boys go because the poor fellows did not look as if they would live very long anyway, and they hated to stop them from having as good a time as possible. But Stevey is still very much alive and kicking. I saw him last summer and he was doing well selling automobiles. That just shows that a fellow is never dead so long as his spirits keep up.

ENCOUNTERS WITH WOLVES

I can remember Stevey telling me that one time on the Mackenzie River he was snow-shoeing down the trail on the ice when he was chased by wolves. Anyway, wolves were tracking him and he was hurrying along but getting tuckered out. He said that finally he had to set fire to his sweater, which he set on a pole on the snow. That kept them off, curious and frightened, for a while, and gave him time to get safely to the cabin he was making for.

Of course, one hears so many wolf stories. At one time I think wolves weren't afraid of men, but of late years they seem to have grown chary both of traps



A Docile Looking Wolf.

and of men who they seem to know can kill at a distance. My dad heard a funny story about a Cree half-breed hunter who was always bragging about his great strength and his cleverness in the forest. He had killed a giant wolf and had brought it in to the trading post to get

what he could for the skin. Dad put it in verse, so I am just taking the loan of it from him. I know he won't mind and I think it will give you a laugh.

BLOWHARD'S GIANT WOLF

I tell you, ole Blowhard's the greatest of all
The hunters an' trappers that go out last fall.
Look over my catch, boss. How much will you give?
A good price for the lot, for a trapper must live.

What? "Two mangy mink an' some rats out of season."
Say! Don't you know fûr? Ain't you got any reason?
Hi, — look at this wolf. He's as big as a cow.
What price summer musquash an' mangy mink now?

"A pretty good wolf skin!" Well, I'll say it is.
You think I not see big surprise on your phiz.
He's the Killer-wolf King of the Big Timber Pack
That scare all the country from Moose Lake an' back.

You tell me, "Twelve bucks," for a fine skin like that.
Gee whiz! What you want for go talk in your hat?
You never catch him with a trap or a snare.
Just look at his size. Take a feel at his hair.

If I no' like the price, I can beat it — oh well,
Some other might listen the story I tell;
But I trade here, an' trade, for as long as I know.
Now, you make it fifteen an' we call it a go.

You ask where I get him. I thought you would too.
Other wolf big as this in the North never grew.
Well, — I get him jus' south of the Porcupine Lands.
An' I kill him with nothing but two honest hands.

I meet him alone, when the moon high an' bright,
When it forty below, in the dead of the night.
He snarl an' bristle, then howl to the sky;
He make me feel inside that somebody die.


I throw up my gun an' I shoot him clean through.
Might just as well shoot the tobac' that I chew.
He growl an' he rush. I go scare an' I shout,
But I club with my gun an' I smash on his snout.

No club ever made that could stop this great beast.
He spring on me, ready to make me his feast.
Then over an' over we roll in the snow.
We wrestle till daylight beginning to show.

An' there, as we struggle an' fight on the ground,
The rest of the wolf pack all gather around,
To watch as the King of the Wolves lock his horn
With the greatest strong man in the North ever born.

When I think that my wind go a little bit slow,
I clutch on his throat an' I squeeze him — like so,
Then he open his mouth an' I push in my fist
So far down inside that he grunt in his chest.

He wriggle an' choke, but my strength never fail.
I push till I clutch from the inside, his tail.
I grab tight an' pull, then I laugh an' I shout,
For this King of all Wolves I draw clean inside out.

An'  for a minute — so much life have he —
He stand with his outs where his insides should be,
While the wolves all around me have nothing to say;
With their tails hangin' low, they go slinkin' away

Now you say, very fine, but just twelve bucks you give.
You don't give a hoot how a brave man may live:
But you'll throw in for luck, some tobac' an' some tea.
Ya! — I guess that's a go with ole Blowhard the Cree.

ON DANGEROUS ROADS

Well, on this particular automobile week-end picnic, we had some hard driving along earth roads, a hundred feet above the lake sometimes and so narrow that if anything came the other way one or other would have to back up till a broad spot could be found. I was in a car behind my dad's, and one time he got too near the edge and the loose gravel gave way. His back wheel began to slide over the bank. He could feel it and tried gradually to edge away from it. It was touch and go for about twenty yards, with the earth sliding under the wheel all the time. But at last he got on to more solid

earth. We all sighed for he had a drop of fifty feet into the lake below if he had ever gone over.

A great many of the roads in the Okanagan Valley are like that at some parts.

TWO LADIES GET MAROONED

• We came to another place where the spring floods had raised the lake level till it came over the roadway and we had to plough through water two feet deep. One car got off the road and into the shallow of the lake, and about all we could see for a time was the driver still steering his best and the water up to the door.

Dad's car got stuck and mother and another lady took off their boots and stockings, got out and went behind to give it a push. The idea was that as soon as it started they were to jump on to the running board, while dad kept going on slowly. It got started and dad kept on going all right, but when he got to dry land, round great rocks and bends on the lake shore, two hundred yards farther on, he found that mother and the other lady weren't on the running board.

A young man of the party, who claimed that the soles of his feet were as hard as leather from running about barefooted over the Sierras when he was a little boy, took off his boots and stockings and went back for the ladies. He found them round one of the bends

up to their knees in water and whimpering in self-pity because the sharp stones were cutting into their feet. He carried both of them safely to dry land over the broken rock, but from the way he hobbled about all day afterwards, it was plain that when he ran barefooted as a boy, he didn't run with a heavy woman in his arms. I have heard of Hindu fakirs who could walk on spikes, but this job was just as bad as that.

MOUNTAINEERING BY AUTO

A number of this same party went with us once to Mabel Lake for a week-end run. We had three automobiles that trip. The road was a single-track affair and up the side of a mountain.

Once we went on this same trip alone. Dad was driving. We climbed till our car wouldn't climb any more. Going round a sharp turn too slowly, it stopped. Mother jumped out and wedged a hunk of wood behind the back wheel. We all got out except dad. In some way that hunk of wood got dislodged. Just then I had a picture of the car and dad sliding over the bank for a fall several hundreds of feet. The back wheels were actually over, and the car tilted, then it stopped dead. Nobody knew what had stopped it, for according to all the rules of accidents, it had no right to stop, it should have gone clear over. But a tree had been cut down at some time and the stump of it was still

standing, and this stump had caught the rear housing and held the car. Now I think you will agree that that was a very narrow squeak. It took a team of horses to get us back on to the trail again.

Any man who learns to drive a car on these out-of-the-way trails in the Okanagan, can drive anywhere — if he lives.

BUSH RATS FOR BEDFELLOWS

On this particular week-end trip, we hadn't much luck. In some way we didn't catch any fish, although the lake was full of them.

There was a cabin by the side of the lake and two of our friends and their two children slept in it — or tried to. We slept close by, under the trees, and we were wakened up through the night by a terrible commotion in the cabin, as if there was a fight going on, or a bear had got in and was ripping things to pieces.

The trouble was bush rats. Our friends had to kill several before they could get to sleep. We had the best of it outside.

A farmer friend of ours out there once slept in a barn that had a runway for bush rats. They worried him all night the first time he slept there, till he got up and discovered the trouble. He then lighted his lantern and put it down to a peep, and sat propped up in bed, with his twenty-two rifle on his arm. Every time

the light of the lantern showed him gleaming eyes up at a hole in the rafters from which there was a runway of wood to the floor, he shot, and every time he shot there was a thud on the floor.

Next morning he said he counted twenty-three bush rats in a heap on the barn floor. It might have been only twenty, but he said twenty-three.

AN EGG MIRACLE AT MABEL LAKE

But this time at Mabel Lake! It is funny how I have to keep working back. The reason is I feel I have so much to tell and I hate to miss anything that is worth telling. Well, the day we were due to go back, I was monkeying about in dad's car, a Ford, and I must have stood on the self-starter too much. Not so many second-hand Fords in the Okanagan had self-starters then and they weren't so perfect as they are now, or perhaps I should say, they were more imperfect than they are now. When we were all ready for our fifty mile run home to Vernon, the old car wouldn't start. I guess now that the starter got jammed, but nobody knew that and I didn't say a thing. Well, they took that car pretty nearly to pieces, and put it back again and still it wouldn't go. So we had to stay there another night in the bush, and all we had among ten of us was a loaf of bread and a can of salmon. We kept these for breakfast, going to sleep terribly hungry.

Next morning Stevey went out to hunt, for he had appointed himself as hunter the night before. He got up very early to try to shoot a few ducks, but I think he fell asleep at his post, for we woke and heard ducks quacking all round where he went, but he came back empty handed. When he was away, too, we saw a lot of them so near to our camp that we could almost have hit them with stones. But Stevey had the only gun.

We were all more hungry than ever and quite grouchy with Stevey. Dad up and told us not to worry, — that the ravens fed the prophet Elijah, and the four thousand got more than they could eat from a few loaves and fishes and the widow's meal crock and her cruse of oil were always full during the siege. The ladies weren't being consoled by that kind of talk and kept on expressing their wish that they had some eggs to mix with the tin of salmon to help to make it go round.

Just when we were preparing the breakfast — such as it was — dad said, "Well, I guess here is where I put this thing to the test. I am going after these eggs we need so badly."

He said it just like that, and of course everybody laughed, thinking it was just one of his jokes. I guess he laughed himself as he stepped into the bush and walked along the edge of the forest by the lake shore.

He came back in about five minutes, with a grin on his face and a carton in his hands.

"Well, folks, — here are your eggs. Hurry up and get breakfast."

He handed over the egg carton, with four eggs in it. Everybody thought it was a planned affair. Nobody ever believes a miracle when it does happen. Then the ladies commenced to be afraid of the eggs and broke them separately into a cup. But they were all as fresh as newly laid, and they helped out that breakfast just right.

Dad vowed he didn't know a thing about them beforehand, and just found them on the shore where somebody must have camped only a day or two before. They perhaps hadn't been able to use the eggs and didn't wish to carry them back with them.

But no matter, it was a very strange coincidence and it makes a fellow think twice about the 'loaves and fishes', and the 'manna' and the 'widow's cruse'.

We started for home soon afterwards and the others towed dad's car all the way with a rope for fifty miles. When we got within sight of a garage, the car started to go again.

The others joked with dad and said he must have been trying to save gas.

Dad took the car to the garage, but Joe Watkins the garage man said to leave well enough alone; not to monkey with it; that Fords had been known to do a thing like that, and it was best to forgive and forget. I never forgot, because I have always known that I was the one who caused the whole trouble.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE THE TRAPPER

Dad used to go trapping, and hunting, and fishing. The Okanagan was the greatest place for fish ever. In Long Lake, I've been with him when he caught dandy rainbow trout weighing ten pounds, and silver trout five pounds. Silver trout are the prettiest fish I have ever seen.

One winter dad went marten trapping with George Gates. . George was a great trapper. Perhaps the greatest in all that country. He ran away from home when he was a little boy, and had been a cowpuncher in Wyoming, and a horsebreaker, and then he had pre-empted at the head of Sugar Lake, about fifty miles from Vernon, and had been there for years, trapping.



Mr. and Mrs. George—the Trapper.

hunting, prospecting and farming. He was American born and a real man of the forest.

The Hudson's Bay Company were always ready to grub-stake him for the winter, and he would settle up when he sold his furs in the spring. About every six months he came into town, on horseback, his wife with him. She was a fine rider and one of the best fly-fishers in the valley. She generally wore a tall Stetson hat, and a bright silk shirt, with riding-boots and spurs, when she came to town, and she loved to smoke. She kept her little sack of tobacco and her cigarette papers inside her hat. She was a pretty good swearer too, but not in any rude or vulgar way. The words didn't mean anything with her any more than to be a bit stronger than ordinary words, and she didn't know half the time really that she was using them. And she was a fine lady and very kind, and a dandy cook. Oh, I know, because dad took us out to stay with them one time. That was certainly a wonderful little holiday and experience.

A BREAKDOWN AT NOWHERE

We started at six o'clock one summer morning. They were to meet us at the near end of the lake at nine o'clock in the morning, and would row us five miles up the lake to their place.

Well, our old bus broke down when we were twenty

miles on our way. It didn't really break down — it sat down. It squatted on its rear end on the road just as if it were tired. The rear axle and housing had broken and the wheels just naturally spread out and the car sat down.

We couldn't do a thing with an accident like that. If it had been a puncture, or a cracked spark plug, that would have been nothing, but when the whole works started to tumble out like they did this time, it was a hopeless affair even for dad.

And to make it worse, it was sweltering hot. We sat and sizzled by the side of the road, just looking at the car and growling at our rotten luck. Well, at last we decided to walk till we came to a place where, by good fortune, there was a trunk-line telephone handy. We phoned to a friend of ours, Alick Green, an auto mechanic in Vernon, and he asked us all about it and then came all the way over that twenty miles with the parts we required and his tools. He put in a new axle and housing at the side of the road, and by four o'clock in the afternoon, we were continuing on our way for Sugar Lake, although we were not very sure what we'd do when we got there, as George and his wife would surely have got tired waiting in the heat all day and gone home long ago. Not so! They were there. They had waited at the end of the trail from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. It certainly takes people of the forest to show us patience.

George said he had a 'hunch' we had broken down, so just waited.

MATING EAGLES

We rowed up that fine lake in the evening — mother, dad, Doreen and I, and George and his wife and another trapper.

We saw two eagles circling.

"One is a bald-head and t'other's a golden," said George. "Every summer, for years, I have shot old lady bald-head's husband, for eagles are birds of prey and do much damage. But always she brings along another husband. She nests in that tall tree over there. This year she has brought a regular sheik with her — a swell golden eagle. He is so big and he looks so good with the sun shining on him, and the old dame and him seem so happy together, and she is such a game old bird, I just haven't had the heart to shoot him. But if they raise any little bald-headed goldens, I'll sure go after them."

THE CABIN AT SUGAR LAKE

George's place was right at the head of the lake, close to where the Shuswap River flows into it. It was just a plain trapper's cabin, with a bedroom, a sort of bedroom, parlour, and a little lean-to kitchen. But you

could tell that a woman lived there, for it was tidy and clean and had knick-knacks all about. There weren't any dirty boots or dirty sweaters lying around, or guns, and pails of dirty water, and burnt matches, and dirty dishes, as there would be if only a man was living there.



George-the-Trapper's Cabin at Sugar Lake.

"I certainly liked that wife of George's; she was the dandiest cook and baker. We had ham and eggs, and fried potatoes with gravy, all we could eat, and home-made bread and biscuits and buns, and we were all so hungry. We slept in the bedroom. The walls, and the ceiling were papered with plain newspaper and one could lie in bed and read all about what happened in the year 1911."

REAL SHOOTING

George was a great shot with the revolver and rifle. Next morning, with his revolver, he showed me how

good he was after I coaxed him for about an hour. There was an empty tin on a garbage heap behind the house, and he fired at it, six shots one after another, and he just made that tin hop, hop, hop, with each shot, right up and over the rubbish heap, and it was a long way off too.

Once, when he was out with dad, they got into a bunk in a cabin, forgetting to put out the candle which was guttering on a jutting-out piece of wood near the door.

George said, "Don't bother about getting up." And he took his revolver out of his holster and fired one shot at the candle, clipping out the light without making a mark on the candle itself.

Dad has a photo of George with three deer which he shot two hundred yards away with three shots fired as fast as he could fire.

TRAPPING MARTEN

George had a regular beaver farm, up the Shuswap River a bit. He took me up to see it. He watched and guarded these beaver like so many sheep or cows, never killing them out, just killing so many each year when the Government regulations permitted the catching of beaver in that part of the country, for, some years, no beaver were supposed to be killed in British



The Balsams in winter, in the higher altitudes where Marten abound. Gold Range, B.C.



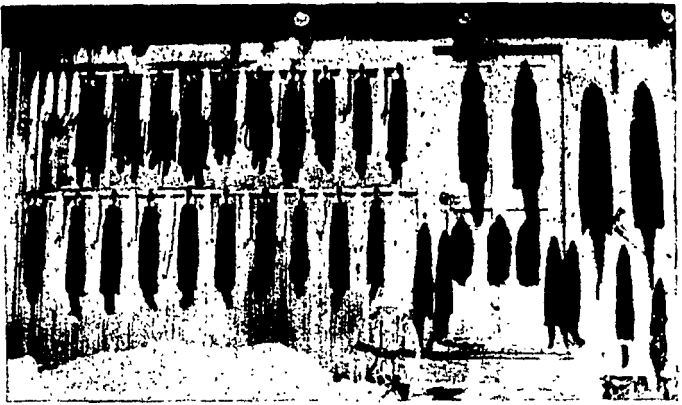
Mountains on the Gold Range, some of them 9,000 ft. high and without a name.

Columbia south of the Canadian Pacific Railway track.

George was really a marten trapper, but he caught any fur he could, getting fox, mink, muskrat, ermine, otter, fisher, skunk and wolverine.

Marten are hard to get, they are so shy of human beings. The trapper has to go away up on the mountains, among the balsams, in the snowy fastnesses, to get into the real marten country. George said that in all the eighteen years he had been trapping, he had only once seen a live marten running in the forest till the time dad was out with him. Then they both saw one.

The marten is quite inquisitive and is attracted by the smell of skunk musk, so George always smeared some on the tree trunks where he set his traps for them. One might think the trap would be set with the bait on the top of the trap the same as one would catch a mouse or a rat, but that isn't so. The trap is set in front of the bait, with the bait generally between the trap and the tree, then when the animal goes after the meat, it steps into the trap in its eagerness. Animals other than the marten do not like the smell of skunk at all. This marten George and dad saw had evidently smelt the skunk musk that George carried in his pack, and came down to see what it meant. He was following George, and didn't notice dad who was coming up behind. Dad shouted to George, and the marten scurried up the hill on the snow, turning round curiously and watching them every ten yards or so.



A Fine Catch of Otter and Mink, Fisher Marten, Muskrat and Ermine.

Dad at George-the-Trapper's Cabin, on Shuswap River, B. C.
George-the-Trapper repairing Dad's Snowshoes.

SKUNK MUSK

Skunk musk is the contents of the skunk's smell glands or 'bag', mixed with bear fat. It is a heavy, cloying, sickly kind of odour that one really gets used to after a while, although it is the kind of smell that one can taste — if you get what I mean.

The wolverine and the mink are not far behind the skunk in the matter of odour. And the skunk is nearly always a gentleman, unless he is frightened, or attacked by an enemy. Even when fighting with his own kind, he does not release this odour. Besides, he is a very beautiful animal, so why a person should feel insulted when anybody calls him a skunk, I don't know. Of course, it all depends on how one says a thing!

THE TRAPPER'S BUGBEAR

George hadn't anything good to say about the wolverine. He used to sit on the rocks by the shore and tell me all about them and other animals; lots of things that I never knew before, but found out later to be true.

He said the wolverine was the trapper's worst en-

emy, because it followed the trap-lines and tore the animals out of the traps, ripping the fur to pieces, and that wolverines were more destructive on deer and on game birds like grouse than even the coyote.

"They are hard to catch, too," said George. "They won't go near a metal trap. It has to be a wood deadfall to get them, but most often they aren't got. And yet if the trapper doesn't get the wolverine that raids his traps, he will have to quit, himself, and trap somewhere else.

When dad and George were out trapping once, a wolverine was on ahead of them doing damage all the way. So they laid a trap for him. As there wasn't a hollow tree anywhere, they chose two trees that grew up together. There was an open space back and front, between — just a small space. They got bark and closed up the space at the back, wedging the bark in with snow. Then they set the deadfall trap in front, with the meat inside. On the way back they found the meat gone and the trap unsprung. On examining the place they found that the wolverine had gone round and round dozens of times, then he went to the back where the bark was and had pulled all this away, then helped himself to the meat, without any damage to himself, for, tackling it that way, the more he pulled at the stick that held the meat, the more secure he made it, while the other way the slightest pull would have dropped the deadfall on his neck. And they could see also where he had walked out by the front entrance of the trap after he had eaten his full of the bait.

Now, wasn't that almost human?

George told me that the wolverine is called "The Glutton" and sometimes he is called "The Trapper's Spirit."

THE TRAPPER'S SPIRIT

"It is like this," he said. "The wolverine has forgotten more about trapping than most trappers know. We trappers reckon that when one of us dies, his spirit becomes a wolverine, and this trapper's spirit in the shape of a wolverine has to follow the lines, sort of being paid back for what he did when he was a trapper, and in this way tormentin' the life out of some living trapper. And this trapper's spirit in the wolverine doesn't get free until he has been trapped by a trapper, and the rule of the game is that he has to try his hardest to beat the trapper, and knowing so much of the game it always takes a better trapper than he was when alive to catch him. It is part of his punishment, you see, that he must try his hardest not to get caught. Of course, that's a yarn, sonny, and you don't have to believe it unless you like, but the wolverine sure is 'bad medicine'."

THE BEAR'S SIGNPOST

Out in the forest behind George's place, we came to a tree that had its bark all clawed and ripped from the bottom up, for nearly eight feet.

"Know what that is?" asked George.

"No! What is it?" I asked in return.

That's a bears' signpost. Every bear that passes puts his mark on that tree — leaves his visitin' card or signs his name on the register the way they do in the Kalamalka Hotel."

"But why, George?" I asked.

"Oh, — nobody knows that. They may guess — but nobody knows. The bears just do it. Queer, isn't it?"

It *was* queer. Don't you think so, too? And here he was, a man of the forest for eighteen or twenty years, and he couldn't tell me why!

"There are lots of things in the woods," he said, as if guessing what I was thinking, "that just are — and nobody knows why."

MAKING BANNOCK

George showed me how to make a deadfall and a wire trap, and how to set the metal ones.

He said trapping in British Columbia's soft deep snows was "Just a tramp's living. It gives you twenty times more trouble," he said, "than what you ever get out of it; but you like it just the same and wouldn't give it up till you have to."

When George travelled, he seldom took anything with him but a side of pork, a bag of white beans, coffee, and flour for bannocks. When making bannocks, he just turned down the mouth of the flour sack, emptied a cup of water into the flour and mixed it up till enough of the flour got soaked up into a batter. He mixed a little baking powder into this and dropped his dough into the bacon-fat in his hot frying-pan. When he considered them risen and ready, he took them out and set the bannocks on some clean stones near the red embers to brown nicely.

THE STAYING POWER OF PORK AND BEANS

George maintained that pork and beans had staying power on the trail like nothing else on earth. My dad always declared the same thing, and from my little experience I think so, too. So it must be true when George and dad — and yours truly — think so. George laughed when he told me, "Son — the pig and the little white bean are Canada's greatest pioneers, for without them no other pioneer could ever have gotten anywheres. A man can travel twice as far on pork and beans as he can on, say, fish, or rice, or oatmeal, or bannocks. Anything else to eat than pork and beans is just patent-leather grub."

EXPENSIVE EGGS

I used to hear people talking about eggs costing a dollar each up in Dawson City at the time of the Klondike gold rush, and my kid's brain couldn't see why, till good old George pointed it out in a very simple way.

"Son — a man who packs grub an' gear on the trail has to be paid five dollars a day, and the average packer carries on hard journeys only about sixty pounds. Now, on a short trip of, say, twelve days, that packer's wages would be sixty dollars. You can see how that would add at once a dollar a pound freight to the value of the goods he carried. So what would it amount to on a trip of six months? — just fifteen dollars a pound freight on every pound of goods he carried. So I reckon some eggs were cheap in Dawson City at a dollar a piece."

A NARROW SQUEAK FOR GEORGE

"It doesn't do for any man to feel too sure of himself in the bush or the mountains," George told me. "If he does, Mother Nature will knock the cocksureness out of him and make him feel like ten cents worth of dog meat. She sure has done it with me more'n

once. I was out one time after caribou. I followed and tracked them for several days, and went too far and ran out of food, but I thought it would be all right, for I'd be sure to make a killing. But a storm came on and I didn't get any caribou. I had to turn back and on going back it took me nine days over what had been a three days' trail going out. I pretty nearly starved to death that time, son. I struck a trap line an' that saved my bacon. I collected the frozen and half-putrid meat out of the traps and ate every particle of it to keep life in me, and with that I just got through, as thin as a greyhound."

REAL LAKE FISHING

We went fishing on Sugar Lake with George. He knew it from end to end. I think he knew every fish in it too. He knew some of them, for he'd go to a certain pool and fish for a time and get a fish almost aboard when it would get off and he would say, "That's that same son of a gun I had on last week. He got off'n me the same way as that last Friday. I know the flip of his tail."

He took us to where we could troll and catch trout two or three pounds weight every five minutes. He took us into a bay or lagoon where we could cast with fly and get them as fast as we could cast. That is the very best kind of fishing, the real sporty fishing — with



Fishing from Raft for Rainbow Trout,
Haddon, B.C.



A Hard Mountainous Climb in Interior of
B.C. for Fishing on Aberdeen and Haddo
Lakes.

a fly. But after getting my fly in dad's coat and in my sister Doreen's hair, they made me quit till another time. But I can do it a bit better now. They couldn't expect me to be an expert all at once.

Why! — I noticed in R. M. Ballantyne's book, "Hudson Bay," where Chief Factor Ross was fishing at Norway House with Ballantyne, who was just an apprentice clerk then. They were fishing for goldeyes, with grasshoppers on their hooks. Mr. Ross caught his hook in an Indian boy's hair, only he glared at the boy and scared him into thinking that he was one who was in the wrong in daring to get his hair entangled in a Hudson's Bay Company Chief Factor's good fishing hook.

BIG DOLLY VARDENS

When the heat of the afternoon began to go off a bit, George rowed us up the lake to where the Shuswap River joins the lake water, where one can see a distinct line, muddy on one side and clear on the other, marking the lake water against the river water.

"Now we'll try some real fishing," said George. He got out a big double hook, with a strong wire at the end of it. He took a good-sized trout and cut it in two, then he skewered the tail half of it by the wire, threading it down till the tail was close to and alongside the hook. He put a heavy sinker on a strong line,

and we started to troll deep, where the muddy waters of the river were mixing with the clear of the lake. We were beginning to think there wasn't much to it, when dad got a jerk that nearly pulled him overboard. He worked and struggled and perspired for a long time, and we were all excited for we were beginning to think he was trying to bring up the bottom of the lake, or had hooked an Ogopogo or a sea-serpent, or something terrible like that.

Well, he got it in close at last, and George gaffed it. When it was in the boat there was hardly room for the rest of us. It was a big Dolly-vardeen trout, weighing 23 lbs. What a whopper! (the trout, I mean — not the story). Dolly-vardeens have big pink spots on their undersides. They don't fight the way Rainbows do — they don't break water, just hang on and sulk most of the time.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S SEA-SERPENTS.

I mentioned an Ogopogo back there. It seems to me, that has got to meaning any big living thing you see in the water and don't understand; something others won't believe you have seen.

The Okanagan Indians have a far-back legend that there is a huge sea-serpent, or water animal, in the Okanagan Lake, and they declare it has been seen by them from time to time, for generations. And of late

years, men on the lake boats, and people who live near the lake, have said they have seen some sea monster in the water at different times. When I was there last, in 1928, a farm lady said she saw it, and a full description of it appeared in the local newspaper. I cut it out, I was so interested in it, and I have it now before me. It says that this milk-lady was on the lake shore after water, when she saw what she thought was an upturned boat among the reeds. She was afraid some children might have got a boat upset, and went down closer to see, then about forty yards out on the water she saw this strange animal or fish, with a head like a sheep and two horns or tall ears on top. It had eyes, too, could wiggle its head about and it made a noise. Its body was serpent like, and showed through the water in four or five hoops. It looked to be about forty feet long. When the lady shouted to her son to come to see it, it made off with the speed of a motor boat.

I swam in the Okanagan Lake shortly after it was seen and kept a good look out every time for it, but it didn't give a performance when I was around.

MORE SEA MONSTERS

I have also a newspaper clipping giving a report by a minister at Williams Lake, British Columbia, who, when camping with his family on a quiet part of the lake shore, came upon a big horny-headed creature

like a hippopotamus, that could swim well and was quite happy in the mud on the shore where it browsed and snapped its jaws at passing fish; then dived under water and went off. The minister is reported to have said that he wouldn't guarantee it was a hippopotamus, but it certainly looked like one — and there hadn't been a travelling menagerie round there that anyone could remember.

Then another man comes along and writes to the papers that he has seen a huge fish in Sugar Lake — the very lake we fished in so often with George the Trapper. And this fish was longer than the man's canoe, and his canoe was eighteen feet long.

Nearly all Indians in the West have something of the same kind of story to tell about the lake they live on, and people who know these lakes know that huge sturgeon used to be caught in many of them, so perhaps all the excitement is just some old grandfather sturgeon still alive and kicking. Of course, I don't say it is, because I like to think about sea-serpents, and Ogo-pogos, and dragons not being quite extinct yet.

THE INDIANS' BIG FISH STORY

When we were up at Stuart Lake, in the Northern Interior of British Columbia, in 1928, the Carrier Indians gathered round dad and me in the village one day and started to tell all they knew. They got at

last on to the same old giant fish story about their own Stuart Lake, and they were quite serious about it, and surprised when dad looked over at me and laughed.

And there is the same story, called "The Legend of Round Stone Lake." Dad wrote that up in a funny story poem, so I'm going to borrow it for right here. It gives the main idea of all these lake serpent yarns. It is supposed to be told by our friend, "Blowhard the Cree" again.

REDSKIN JONAH

You ask me to tell you storee,
'Bout the wonderful things that I see;
'Bout the time, long ago,
When they shoot with the bow;
When there wasn't no you an' no me.

All right, then I start an' tell you
'Bout the big fish in Lake Nippegoo:
He so big that his tail
Twice the size of a whale;
An' he swallow a birch-bark canoe.

In Lake Nippegoo, so I'm tole,
There's white fish an' trout by the shoal,
But you never fish more
If you row from the shore,
For that big fish he eat you up whole.

Now the son of the chief, long ago,
Get mad, an' he tole that fish so,
For he never belief
That the son of a chief
Could be swallow, like one lump of dough.

But the big fish count him just one more,
An' the minute he leave from that shore,
Get him an' canoe,
An' his fishin' line too;
My gosh! how the big chief he swore.

Then the tribe get heap crazy inside,
An' go after that big fish's hide;
So all round that lake shore
They make fires till they roar,
Then they gather big stones, far an' wide.

They wait till the stones go red-hot,
Then they plump in the lake, like a shot,
An' go on with this toil
Till the lake water boil,
When they stand round to see what they got.

Gee! them Indians yell an' they hop,
For the big fish he come to the top,
An' he float to the creek,
Where they cut him up queeck;
An' the chief's son he tumble out — flop.

Ya! — I know you go laugh in your bones.
You think what I tell you, just blow'n's.
If you no' belief too,
Go to Lake Nippegoo,
An' you'll see on the shore all the stohes.

An' you say that the padre he know
This same little story to grow
From his Book. That no' true,
For his Bible quite new.
An' this happen a long time ago.

So you see it looks like the old story in the Bible of Jonah and the whale. Maybe that's what it is, and handed down from what was remembered from the early missionaries.

But that doesn't account for people of the present day declaring they have seen such things, and a lot of people who say they saw this creature on the Okanagan Lake weren't fishermen, but just respectable farmers, and ranchers, and sailors, and milk-ladies, while the Williams Lake one was a real minister.

A SHOAL OF "KICKANINNIES"

In the Okanagan Lake there is a little red fish which the people call "Kickaninnies". That's how it sounds anyway, and in the springtime these come up

in millions into the creeks to spawn. The Indians camp there at that time and catch them in nets by the thousand. They set the kickaninnies up on wooden frames to dry in the sun, for the winter use. If they keep on catching them in this way as they go up to spawn, it won't be long before they will die out.

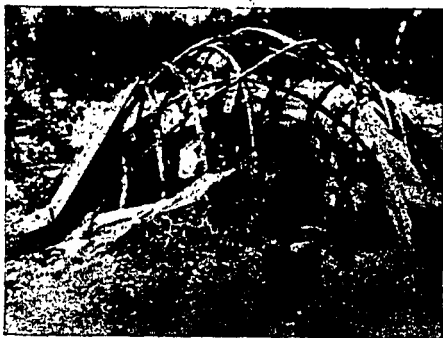
Nobody ever sees or catches any of these kickaninnies at any other time of the year and it is a mystery where they go to in the lake, just as it is a mystery where the salmon go after they leave the fresh water for the sea.

THE OKANAGAN INDIANS

The Okanagan Indians have their reservation on the way to Whiteman Creek. Some say Okanagan means 'Big Head'. Most of these Indians have big heads too, but there is not very much in them. They aren't Indianlike any more. They have wooden houses, mostly very dirty, and no paint on them, and have a chapel. That is nearly always the best building in the place. They dress poorly, in white man's clothes, and their children just seem to wear what the big people throw off, with the ends cut off them to give them a kind of fit. I am thankful I don't have to live as they do.

One house in the reservation was painted and you

could see it a mile off, the colour was so fierce — a wild shade of blue as if it had been done with the dye out of a blueing bag.



Indian Sweat House, Okanagan.

- These Indians have land, but not many of them are fond enough of work to farm it decently. They often rent out their places, to the white man.

THROUGH A BUSH FIRE

One time we came through that trail by the lake, when the woods on both sides of the trail were on fire and the firewardens told us it was dangerous to go through and we'd better not risk it. But dad had to be back in town, so, after a few inquiries, he decided to make a dash for it. He speeded up the old Ford and

we dived into it — flame and smoke. It was so hot that we almost got scorched, and the flames were shooting up on both sides of us. It was like going through a furnace, but we had only a short way and the trail itself was clear. I needn't say I wasn't scared, because I was, but we got through without any accident and I can look back on it now as just another excitement.

That is a good thing about excitement and adventures and narrow squeaks — one can generally look back on them with more pleasure than was got at the time one went through them.

LOST ON HARRIS PLATEAU

One time, early in November, dad and two other men arranged a deer-hunting trip on the Harris Plateau, about 40 miles from Vernon. I wanted to go with them, but dad wouldn't let me. As it turned out, it was just as well, for dad and one of the men got lost and were up on the hills for about two days.

Up on that plateau, it is quite open, but you can go on for miles and miles, 300 miles they say, and meet just the same thing, hills and dales, hills and dales, up and down, and not a sign of change; no houses or landmarks — just switchback range.

Well, the three men were taking one range, one in the valley, one along a shelf about the middle, and dad along the top. The man below started up a young

deer. It came bounding up the hill and into the bush. Dad didn't see it until it was well away. As it flashed through the trees about 200 yards off, he fired. It burst through again and he fired. It stumbled, and raced on. Dad knew he had hit it, so fired three shots in succession, which brought one of the men up, as that was the signal. They went after the deer together, but couldn't find it. Then they got into what they thought was the trail, and followed it, only to find after a long time that it spread and ended among some trees. It was a cattle trail. They kept on in this way, finding and losing cattle trails, all afternoon, but never getting the real one again. There were no landmarks. They had ~~no~~ compass, no food, and no water and they couldn't find any sign of water in any of the little valleys. The third man hadn't troubled about them, going slowly back as he had come and only worrying when they didn't show up that night at the ranch.

ALL NIGHT ON THE SNOW

They trudged, and hallooed, and shot off their ammunition, but it didn't do any good. Then it began to get dark, so they collected all the wood they could for a fire, and built a lean-to of pine branches against a tree.

Then the first snow of the season started to fall, and soon was a foot deep. Dad and his friend tended

the fire turn about. They didn't sleep any. Early next morning, the snow was still falling, and they could only see a hundred yards or so ahead of them. They were pretty hungry and still had no water; and they had nothing in which to melt the snow, and the more snow one eats in its frozen state, the thirstier one gets.

They trudged and trudged again, till they were leg weary and sick of their own thoughts. They argued about the way — one thought it was in one direction and the other thought it was in the directly opposite way. They got hungrier and hungrier. Even a raw squirrel would have been welcome then, but every living thing, bird and beast, had taken cover at the first snow of the season.

In the afternoon, when things were getting pretty hopeless, the snowing stopped for a bit. They got onto a nearby high range and hallooed and fired their guns again.

RESCUED AND LOST AGAIN

Then they heard a shout away off. They kept answering it. At last a voice shouted, "Stay right where you are. We can see you. We will come up."

Shortly afterwards, a hunter and his son came into view. They wanted to know what all the row was about.

"We're lost," said dad.

They laughed.

"Well, — we'll soon put you right," said the hunter. "We came out this morning after deer, and we certainly aren't lost."

"Have you any grub?" asked dad. "We're famished."

They had two scrubby apples, which dad and his friend ate — core, skin, seeds and all. After an hour's trudging, the hunter stood and scratched his head.

"What's the matter?" asked dad.

"Not just sure o' the way," mumbled the hunter.

On they went again, and finished up where dad and his companion had camped the night before. Four lost now instead of two!

But it wasn't so bad now with the snow tracks to guide.

"We'd better get back to where you met us," suggested dad, "then follow back over your tracks to where you came from this morning."

They did that and got out pretty late in the afternoon, thankful they didn't have another night to spend in the snow without blankets or food or water.

Two search parties, with their horses and packs, were ready to start out after them just as they reached the ranch. And another lot were being got ready in charge of the R.C.M. police at Vernon when the long-distance telephone message came through that they were safe.

A BAD PLACE TO TRAVEL

Dad's total loss was a few pounds in weight and four toe-nails. He lost the toe-nails through wetting and freezing and stubbing, but he and his friend got off luckily. Just afterwards, I was with dad when we were speaking to an old-timer, a French-Canadian from Lumby, nearby, when dad said he didn't think he'd ever get lost again up there on Harris Plateau. The old-timer answered:

"Don't you fool yourself on dat. I've been goin' over dat range country forty year now an' I ain't sure anytime I go in dat I'm comin' out. It's worse'n forest, an' bush, for it all look just the same. Why — just last year a man they brought in who lost one foot an' nearly all his finger, an' not so long ago, I come across the bones of three horses at the foot of a tree up dere. The same three horses they belong to some hunters who tether dem and go after the deer. When they finish their hunt, they couldn't find the place they left the horses. They look for long time and give it up. They come away at las' without them, thinkin' maybe they break loose and run home. But the poor horses had to stay tied up there and at last they starve to death.

ABOUT COUGARS

We have a cougar rug, mounted with its head and its claws, in our sitting-room at home. It is astonishing how many people ask what kind of animal it is. If I say a cougar, they are not any farther ahead, but if I say a brown panther, they know. The one we have was shot within two miles of our home in the Okanagan Valley. Others have been shot and trapped quite close in.

My dad's stenographer in Vernon used to live in Slocan City, B.C. Slocan City is not really a city, it is just a little village. They sometimes give them the name of 'city' in anticipation of something that doesn't happen. Well, she told me that one day her little brother came in to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, come and see the big cat. He's making faces at me."

The lady went to the back-door and there, perched on the wood pile, only a few yards away, was a huge cougar, curling its mouth and snarling at them.

My dad once came across one, when he was out with no firearms. He was travelling on snowshoes and the snow was soft and deep. This cougar was in a hollow, feeding on some dead animal. It was up to the haunches in snow and couldn't do anything quickly but snarl. So it just kept backing and snarling angrily. Dad says he could have poked it with the stick he

carried, but thought it just as well not to, and he left it to continue its meal in peace.

ANIMAL TRAPS

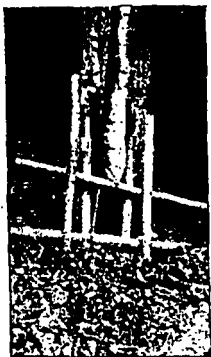
When the Indians go trapping, they still use a lot of traps of their own making, chiefly because on a long hunt they can make them from the wood where they happen to be setting their traps, and don't have to carry heavy steel traps over a long trail. They can make wood deadfalls in a few minutes, and these are so constructed that when the drop comes down it kills almost instantly.

The animal has to enter the trap partly in order to pull at the bait which is skewered through by a trigger stick. When the trigger stick is pulled, down comes the deadfall on the animal's neck or back, very often breaking it. These are used for marten also, and for such larger animals as the wolverines, which won't go into metal traps. Fox, lynx and rabbits are caught and choked by a snare set on a springy pole, which is held down lightly by a small toggle. This toggle releases the spring pole at the slightest push or pull.

Bears are often caught in snares of rawhide or thin wire rope, while the beaver trap is always placed so that the beaver, after it is trapped, is held under water and drowned quickly. This does away with a lot of unnecessary suffering. Wherever and whenever poss-



Fox, Lynx
or Rabbit Snare



Wood deadfall



Bear Snare.

ible, we can give the trapper credit for being humane enough to plan so that the animals they catch do not suffer unduly, but die quickly. Animals are trapped for their fur mostly, in the very coldest weather, be-

cause their fur is in best condition then. When they get caught by the leg, they are perhaps much more afraid than hurt, because their leg is likely to get numb, and they struggle until they are so heated and perspiring that they can struggle no more. They then lie down exhausted, with the result that in a short time they freeze to death.

LOST IN THE FOREST

I got lost in the bush only once, and I was quite a little chap at the time. Although I was scared, I guess my dad was more scared still. He and I went away out in the car to fish at some stream where the bush was thick. He parked the car at the side of the road and went on to fish, telling me that no matter how long he might be away, I was to play around and always keep the car well in sight, as he would be sure to come back to it. Well, he seemed to be staying away a long time, and I came back to the car quite often. Then I thought I would go to look for dad along the stream. I couldn't find him, and when I tried to get back I couldn't find the road or the car either. After I was badly lost, and scared sick, I heard a voice away far off. I shouted back and at last dad got me. Gee! — but he was worried. He found me away in the bush where I might never have been got, it was so dense in there. I had followed the stream back, but didn't

know that it branched off into two streams, so I went along the wrong branch, then, like a poor woodsman, I left the stream for the bush and never found the stream again. I know a little better than that now. If I get lost near a stream, I stay with the stream every-time, for it is bound to come out somewhere; besides, you will always have water, but the other way you may not, and you can do without food for days, but not without water. If I get lost and find a stream I don't know about, I still stay with the stream.

Getting lost isn't a very pleasant feeling — so it is wise, when going out into the bush, even for an afternoon's trip, to carry a compass, a water-bottle full of water, a sandwich or two, and matches, and not get so taken up with things as to forget to take your bearings when you enter a forest or a strange range country.

HARD WINTER TRAVEL

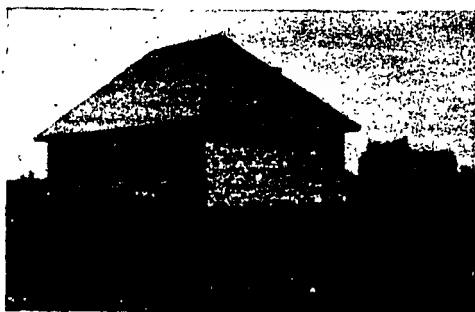
I'm talking as if I knew all about it, but I don't really, though glad to be learning all the time. Why! just the other night, there was a Hudson's Bay Company district manager (who would be termed a factor in the old days) in our house, having tea with us, and at the table he told us about his winter trip, inspecting his posts that covered a territory larger than the British Isles. He told about being caught in a blizzard and

being lost for two days in weather 30 to 40 below zero.

To hear real travellers like these telling quietly and unboastfully of their experiences, as if they were nothing at all, makes a boy think he has his nerve with him daring to write a word about his little backyard adventures, especially when these kind of men scarcely ever dream of writing up what they have gone through.

A MOVE TO SASKATCHEWAN

Well! the time came when my dad got moved for business purposes to Saskatchewan, and we had followed after him, to make our home in Saskatoon.



Saskatoon First School

I didn't think much about what we'd miss or what we would gain. All I thought about was that we were going to a new place where there would be new sights and new journeys, for I was getting older all the time and liked the outdoors and travelling.

My sister and I were plumped into school as soon as we got there, and they had very fine schools in Saskatoon — eighteen of them, with two collegiates and a normal school, besides all kinds of fine university buildings, and yet, only 27 years ago, (in 1903) a tiny, one-roomed stone school-house was all they needed for a few scholars. There were only a hundred people there then, and now there are forty thousand.

It is a great city for churches. I counted seventeen of them. The people should be very good, but we didn't stay long enough really to find out for ourselves, but they certainly know how to go to church, if that is any sign.

SWIMMING HOLES

Dad was kept very busy there and we didn't have much time to get around with him, excepting on week-ends and on one ten-day holiday. But we made the most of it, and saw all we could.

We loved swimming, and missed the lakes close in, such as we had had in the Okanagan Valley. But we used to bathe in the mighty Saskatchewan river

The city had a place staked off that was fairly safe, but the water was so muddy we had always to have a bath when we got home.

We found another place, about 20 miles out. The people who lived there had a slough on their farm, a regular country swimming hole, but it was water and we all made the most of it on Sundays, for very few people knew about it.

WHAT A HAIL STORM DID

One Sunday we went out there and the farm was looking beautiful, grain up and ripening, fruit and vegetables all growing splendidly, every tree green and shady, and the grass fresh and green. The next Sunday we went out there again, and there was nothing but waste and desolation, as if a fire or a plague had swept through it. The grain was beaten down and rotting, the grass was brown, the trees were stripped bare of all their leaves and stood like skeletons; the windows of the farm house were cracked and some broken, and only a few chickens roamed about.

A hail storm had passed over the place and in an hour left desolation. It had just taken a swath of the country, for the neighbours' farms weren't touched. The hail-stones were as big as glass marbles, some nearly as big as eggs. They had killed the chickens before they could get to safety. The place was a

terrible wreck and the people were broken-hearted; for that was the first year they had failed to put on hail insurance, and they had never before been caught:

WATER WE COULDN'T SINK IN

There was a real lake about 45 miles from Saskatoon. It was called Lake Manitou and was near a place called Watrous, and a queerer lake than it nobody ever saw.

I had heard of the Dead Sea, where the water is so salty that one can't sink in it, and I always thought it was a bit of a fairy tale, or a Bible story like the parting of the Red Sea when the Israelites ran away from the Egyptians — a sort of miracle affair — but that lake at Watrous was another Dead Sea. We could go away out into ten to twenty feet of water and could stand up in it without having to paddle or even move to keep afloat, and we couldn't sink deeper than our chests, the water was so buoyant. Men could lie on their backs in it and smoke cigars. You could smother in it, of course, but you couldn't sink in it if you tried to.

The salts and minerals in it made the eyes smart and when we came out the water dried in crystals on our bodies and hair. Some little stores there sold the dried salts out of the lake in bottles for medicine. It certainly didn't do to swallow too much of the water.

100. *A Boy of the Great North West*

If we did, we could be sure of a stomach-ache, although it didn't do us any harm. It is the only lake in Canada that I ever heard of where one couldn't sink.

A TRIP TO PRINCE ALBERT

Our most interesting trip that summer was when we went by car from Saskatoon to Prince Albert. It had rained for weeks before, and we were told not to attempt the journey by car because the roads would be covered for a depth of six inches with a slippery mud that no tires would hold to. We started out just the



Russian Church of Turrets and Steeples,
Saskatchewan.

same as we had often done before, mother and dad in front, and my sister and I behind mixed up with the camping outfit and grub. When only a mile out from the city, we found they were making a new road. We slithered into mud that oozed up and in at our car door. We thought we were going down clear out of sight. It took two teams of horses and eight men of the road gang to get us out and set us on our way again.

STRANGE SETTLEMENTS

Then the sun came out fine, and we got along great. We passed villages that seemed like old European settlements replanted, strange churches with Russian turrets and steeples and gaudy paint, queer graveyards and often peculiar people in their old-country shawls, and sabots, and head coverings. Saskatchewan's farmlands are certainly a big melting-pot of the nations.

It got so hot that we sizzled. We fried ham and eggs by the roadside for lunch, then we took off our clothes and went into a mud puddle for a dip to cool off. We had to lie on our backs to get covered. It was just a mud puddle, not more than eight inches deep, but it was wet. And didn't we long for the great pools of clear salt water away on the Pacific Coast? That is like human beings all over, — we don't appreciate what we have until we lose it, then we miss

it like anything. The best way is just to enjoy, as hard as we can, what we have when we have it.

I don't think I have said that just right, but you will guess what I mean.

THE FEDERAL PRISON

Just before coming into Prince Albert, there is a long, dreary stretch of moorland, with little clumps of brush here and there. The trail through it is single track in a deep rut, and terribly sandy. Awful stuff for a car to plough through! That stretch is, I think, about 45 miles long. At the end of it is the great prison of the Federal Government, surrounded by huge stone walls, with sentries posted on them and pacing up and down with loaded guns guarding against any of the prisoners escaping.

Dad got a permit to see all through this prison. Of course, we couldn't go with him. There were 20 men in there for life, and hundreds of others. The trusty who had charge of the library had been a minister. He talked to dad a lot about books, and even showed dad some of his own Western stories on the shelves. The prisoners were gradually building their own prison — the great stone walls in the summertime and the inside parts in the winter when it was too cold to work outside.

An escaped prisoner would have some job getting

away from there, with that 45 miles of open country before him.

Prince Albert itself is a real frontier town, with R. C. M. Police barracks, Hudson's Bay Company post, one main street and banks, creameries, flour mills and hotels, newspaper offices, real good stores, and everybody from miles around walking up and down the main street on Saturday nights.

A DEAD AND FROZEN FARM

On the Sunday, we nearly died from the heat. We found out that there was a fine lake, called Sandy Lake, about 12 miles out. So we set out for that, in dust that just about choked us.

On the way, we stopped at a farm to look for water. This certainly was a queer farm. The houses and barns were empty; a dead horse, dead cow, dead chickens, and even a dead cat, lay around as if a plague had struck the place, or the owners had just walked out and left everything. There was a well in the yard. We raised the lid and looked down it. It was the month of August and the heat above ground was unbearable, yet down that well it was one solid mass of ice, sides and bottom.

But Sandy Lake was a treat — golden sands everywhere and water as clear as window-glass. We swam

about in it till night time, and even then we hated to leave it.

I often think about that wonderful lake and wish I were back in it.

A KINDLY RUTHENIAN

Well, it rained, and thundered, and lightened all the night before we were to leave for home. The result was we slid, and tobogganed, and side-slipped for 150 miles. We got stuck fifty times and always there was some obliging person to help us out. We passed a Ruthenian marriage party, all dressed up, and several times they stopped to help us.

The worst time we had was when we took the prairie on their advice, to avoid a wash-out on the road, when we got stuck again. The old gentleman in the party got out of his car to help to push ours. Dad started the car and the back wheel began to slip.

The mud just plastered that old fellow from head to feet. His suit was a sight, and we couldn't see any of his face but his eyes for the mud.

Mother cried when she saw the mess the poor old chap was in, as she tried to scrape the mud off his clothes with a pen-knife.

Even after that, the kindly old fellow never lost sight of us all the way in, although he could have run away from us whenever he wanted to. We struggled along

in his rear, and, ten miles farther on, he came back to pull us out of another ditch with a rope.

It is a wonder we ever got back to Saskatoon safely, but we did.

You see, it has always been a sort of rule in our house that nothing short of an earthquake, or a cyclone, in the matter of weather should stop us from following out any plans we make for a journey or a holiday. That is a good thing too, for often we have started out when it looked hopeless, and the weather would clear up and we'd have a lovely time.

WINTER IN MANITOBA

Now, it so happened that we had hardly got our home settled in Saskatoon, when dad was called to Winnipeg and soon afterwards, Winnipeg Manitoba, became our new home.

I liked it fine, for it was the first real big city I had been in since Vancouver.

At Winnipeg, we experienced our first severe prairie winter, with four months of below-zero weather, often 30 below. This was something new and it took us a while to get used to it, but the skating, hockey, snow-shoeing, tobogganing and skiing make Manitoba winters great for healthy boys.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

I was put to St. John's College School for boys, the oldest boys' school in Western Canada. In the early Red River days, the Hudson's Bay Company Chief Factors and other officers used to send their sons there to be educated and some great men of Canada have passed through St. John's

It was founded in 1820 by the Reverend John West, who was brought out from England by the Hudson's Bay Company to minister to the settlers on the Red River. It got the name of St. John's College in 1849, so that it is a very old school for a new country like Canada.

My mother and dad went to Scotland for a holiday, and I boarded at St. John's, experiencing the usual kind of thing a new kid at a boarding school has to go through, initiations, and a very half-hearted attempt at the revival of the fagging idea, but that wouldn't work. But it was all great and I enjoyed every minute of it, and still enjoy it. Of course, I still attend St. John's and am very proud of it. I only hope it'll have cause to be proud of me some day, but I tremble at the thought of that.

I got tangled up in lots of fights too. One good thing about a school like this is you have to play the game and if two of you insist on scrapping, why, they let you scrap and be done with it, then you know where you are and are the best of pals afterwards. They don't stand for any bullying, and you always have to fight fair, the same as you have to play fair, and try to be manly, even when you want to shed tears about something.

At St. John's we have lots of sports and games, so that suits me O. K. At the school sports I sometimes managed to get the odd third prize for racing, but I wasn't much good at it till two years ago. I wasn't so very good even then, but I'll tell that part later on.

THE RED RIVER SETTLERS

As for Winnipeg, it used to be called Fort Garry. It was the headquarters in the West for the Hudson's Bay Company. The Company's first place on the Red River was Fort Douglas, a few miles north, which Governor Miles Macdonnell built in 1812, for the protection of the newly arrived Selkirk settlers, who came all the way from the North of Scotland, travelling by ship to York Factory on Hudson Bay, wintering there, then coming on by rivers and lakes to the Red River Valley.

They completed the journey from York to Red River, 728 miles, in 55 days.

The North West Company, who were trading opponents of the Hudson's Bay Company, occupied Fort Gibraltar from about the year 1804.

In 1816; after a lot of hard feeling and hard blows between these rival fur-trade companies, a band of half-breeds of the North West Company, with painted faces and on the warpath, swooped down on the Selkirk settlers at Fort Douglas and massacred Governor Robert Semple and 21 of his men, packing the remaining men, women and children into boats and sending them down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, sacking the Fort and setting fire to their houses. These people had to winter on the bleak shores of the north of Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles away, but before the second winter arrived they were back at their old place, for by that time Fort Douglas had been recaptured by Lord Selkirk's men.

FORT GARRY'S EARLY DAYS

Seeing that they were only ruining themselves in their foolish rivalry and quarrelling, the two companies amalgamated in 1821, and in 1822 the Hudson's Bay Company built their first Fort Garry, on the Fort Gibraltar site.

Fort Garry was named in honour of Nicholas Garry.

Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1822 to 1835, who came out from London with George Simpson.

The fort was rebuilt in 1835 and later stone walls were added, with bastions and a fine gateway, making it a real fort.

Fort Garry became the business place of the district, the headquarters, the seat of what government there was, and contained the court-house and the prison until 1843.

All the 'society' gathered there and they used to stroll about on Sundays and special days, the gentlemen in beaver hats and the ladies in silk gowns.

When Louis Riel, the half-breed leader, started the rebellion in 1869, he seized Fort Garry and made it his headquarters, until Colonel Wolseley arrived with



Red River Cart with Ox.

his Expedition in 1870, when Riel ran from the place for his life, without firing a shot, and escaped across the border with his lieutenants, Lepine and O'Donohue.

RED RIVER CARTS

The buffalo runners used to set out for the plains from Fort Garry on their buffalo hunts for meat for the winter. The Red River cart brigades used to leave there for the south and also for Fort Edmonton. Sometimes, as many as 500 carts would start out in one train, drawn by oxen and ponies. The Fort Edmonton journey, 1100 miles and back, took the whole summer to do.

Perhaps you might like me to tell right here a few facts I have learned about the old Red River cart.

In the first place, it was made entirely of wood and was possibly the squeakiest thing the world ever knew. If it didn't creak and groan and shriek, it just wasn't a Red River cart.

It is said to have been invented by the North West Company at Pembina in 1801. It was a two-wheeled vehicle and even its wheel rims, axles and lynch pins were of wood. It cost in goods and labour about ten dollars, in the old days. The wheels were about five feet in diameter and about three inches thick.

The carts were drawn by oxen, one to each cart, and when in a hurry Indian ponies were used. These

ponies were called "shagganappies". The harness was roughly dressed ox or buffalo hide. The ox collar or halter was a crude wooden affair, with iron fastenings. There was also a small wooden saddle for the shafts' support.

A string of Red River carts was called a brigade, so also was a fleet of York boats or canoes.

On a long journey extra oxen, one in five, or one in ten, were taken as reserves. A long train would be divided into brigades of ten carts each, with three men to each brigade.

Over the entire train there was an overseer on horseback, who was responsible for the outfit. He spent his time moving continuously from brigade to brigade.

A STEADY SUMMER TRANSPORT

Joseph James Hargrave, a Hudson's Bay Company officer and an historian, says that on the southerly route from Fort Garry to St. Paul, fifteen hundred carts were employed, giving work to 450 men, and that 500 carts made two return trips each season.

When the railroads came, the Red River cart became practically obsolete. A very few still remain. I have examined some in Winnipeg, very carefully, to check up what I have said about their construction, but many people in Winnipeg can still remember

quite vividly the old Red River cart brigades. The noise of their creaking wheels is said to have been so great that they could be heard miles away, long before they could be seen, and that even the mosquitoes objected at times and sheered off to more quiet quarters. But that is a bit exaggerated, because I know from experience the persistence of an ordinary hungry mosquito.

Fort Garry was a real fur trade post. York boats used to come in with goods from York Factory, and return there with furs.

But as the city grew, it was found that the fort sat across what was a main thoroughfare of the city, so the old place was pulled down in 1882. The gateway was preserved and presented to the city by the Company, and it still stands in a little park for everybody to see.

Now, I don't wish any of you fellows to think I am trying to tell the history of the Hudson's Bay Company here, because that is the life's job of half a hundred historians, but I do know some of the facts about it and I do know the little stories in it that interested me very much, and it is only these things that I want to write about as I go along, because I think it is worth while, especially when it deals with the very places I have been to and lived in or near, and with the experiences I have had. It helps a whole lot in letting one picture the scene. Don't you think so?



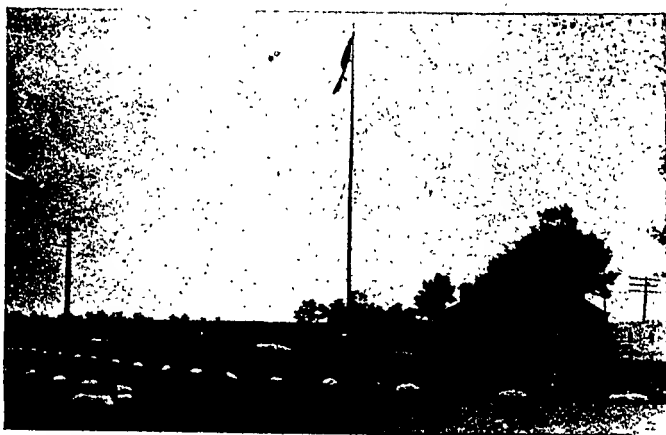
Fort Garry Gateway
1850, Winnipeg,
Manitoba.



Lower Fort Garry, (Manitoba), from the air

THE STONE FORT

Lots of people think it is a great pity that Fort Garry was pulled down. Perhaps it is, but it isn't so bad when it is known that the only stone fort of the early fur traders in Canada, still intact with its stone prison with iron barred windows, its barracks and asylum, its residence where Governor George Simpson wintered in 1833-4, its stone walls and bastions, is preserved for future generations to see, and stands only some twenty



Interior of Lower Fort Garry, South West Section and South Wall.

miles north of the city of Winnipeg. I refer to Lower Fort Garry, or the Stone Fort.

This fort was built in 1831 and completed with the stone walls in 1839.

I have been all over it dozens of times, in and out of every building in it, and have learned a good lot of its history. When my dad was writing the history of it, I sometimes went down to the fort with him and heard old Alfred Franks tell him about Louis Riel's midnight raid on it.

THE REBELLION OF 1870

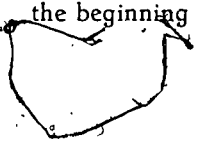
During the rebellion, while Riel was in possession of the Upper Fort, the Lower Fort remained in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company officers, because Riel's quarrel was not with the Company but with the new Canadian government. The half-breeds thought they were going to be done out of their lands.

The Lower Fort became a sort of headquarters for the loyalists, who laid some of their plans there for an attack on Riel at the Upper Fort. They got a huge cannon from the Stone Fort and started out, all sorts and conditions and nationalities, in weather said to have been 55 degrees below zero. But when they got near the Upper Fort, their courage oozed out and got badly frozen in the cold, for they dispersed and left their big

cannon behind them. Nobody seems to know where that cannon got to.

Dr. Schultz was evidently the instigator of this 'expedition' but he did not take part in it personally. Riel secured some eighty of these people and put them in prison.

Later on he shot one of them, Thomas Scott, in cold blood, and that roused the people thoroughly and was the beginning of the end for Mr. Riel.



A MIDNIGHT RAID

But before this happened, Louis Riel heard in some way that Dr. Schultz was hiding down at the Lower Fort, so he got a party together one cold, moonlight, winter night, with horses and sleighs, and made a raid on the Lower Fort.

He and his party climbed over the south wall and took possession. The half-breed guard ran off.

Alfred Franks, whom I know quite well, was then a boy of about 10 years of age. He and his father were told by the officer in charge of the fort to stable Riel's horses for him, which they did in the north barn. Riel went straight to the residence and strode inside, for he intended shooting Schultz on sight. So he is said to have said, anyway.

Dr. Schultz wasn't there; he was in hiding in a

house to the south of the fort, and he made his escape in the dead of winter to Duluth.

Riel left the fort again in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company officer, Mr. Flett, and returned to the Upper Fort.

You can imagine how thrilling it was for me to talk to the quiet old fellow, Alfred Franks, who had actually stabled the horses on that exciting night in the history of Western Canada.

LOUIS RIEL'S FINISH

Of course, later on, Colonel Wolseley arrived with his soldiers, the Sixtieth Rifles and some of the Royal Field Artillery, and the 2nd Quebec Regiment, — and after that the rebellion was over.

Riel took part in another rebellion in Saskatchewan in 1885, but was captured and hanged for his misdeeds, but the hanging of him has made him a kind of a hero among certain people even today.

Alfred Franks says Riel was a man over medium height, stout, athletic, with black hair and clear eyes, fairly neat in his dress and polite and manly in his bearing. A writer named Roderick Campbell says he had 'a noble taste in Demerara rum,' so I guess he wasn't always strictly sober, which is too bad for he

must have been a clever fellow with all his faults, and no story is much good anyway without a villain in it.

I have often spoken also to Sheriff Colin Inkster, who was a grown man at that time, 1870. The story goes that Mr. Inkster once caught Riel by the coat collar and threw him down the stairs of the residence of the Upper Fort when Riel got a little too arrogant over something. Dad asked the sheriff one time if it was true, and the sheriff just laughed and didn't deny it.

Sheriff Inkster must have been a huge, powerful man when young, and quite able to throw any ordinary person anywhere. I shouldn't care to get him mad even now and he was 85 years old in 1929.

FOSSILS IN STONE WALLS

On the pillars at the gate in the east wall of the Stone Fort a great many names are carved in the stone — the names of soldiers of the Wolseley Expedition, put there by the various men themselves while they wintered there in 1870 and later.

The stone of the walls was quarried near by, and is of a peculiar composition; limestone in which are embedded fossilized shells, and what appear to be lizards or the backbones of some prehistoric fish. I know one spot where there is the clear marking of what to me looked like a water-snake, from head to tail, fossilized in the stone.

That would make one think that there must have been a great sea thereabouts away back in the bygone ages.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED

The first Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the West were formed in 1873 and they were quartered at this wonderfully interesting old fort.

It is strange how the Mounted Police came to get rigged out in their famous red coats. Most folks don't know.

Colonel Ross in his report recommending the forming of the police, asked that they should not be dressed in the sombre green of the Wolseley Riflemen, because the colour did not impress the Indians.

"Who are those soldiers wearing dark clothes?" asked an old chief. "Our old brothers wore red coats. We know that the soldiers of the Great Mother wear red coats."

The Indians had remembered or had heard of the earlier British red coats.

And so the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were decked out in red coats to please the Indians.

At the Stone Fort the first Indian treaty in the West between the Canadian Government and the Indians was made on 3rd August, 1871.

Nobody was ever hanged or shot at Lower Fort Garry, except a prison deputy warden of the name of Tom Slack, who shot himself in the upper back room of the penitentiary.

I would like to tell of some Indian fights there, with bows and arrows flying, and burning torches, and the defenders firing their last cartridges through the loopholes, and a little scalping and other things, but nothing like that ever happened at Lower Fort Garry. But the old Stone Fort would certainly be a dandy place to stage a movie of that kind at.

The residence is a quaint, rambling place, with old-fashioned furniture and fire-places. Sir George Simpson used to hold Council meetings there and many distinguished people have been entertained there.

Two cannons, over a hundred years old, sit at the entrance, while a bell dated 1850 and a quaint old stone sundial are nearby.

THE SINGING VOYAGEURS

The brigades of York boats, with their singing voyageurs from York Factory on Hudson Bay used to come in to Lower Fort Garry.

After the Lower Fort was built, they did not go to the Upper Fort, as this saved a portage over St. Andrews Rapids.

These happy-go-lucky men of the rivers and forests

used to race for the fort, in their desire for the fun and few days leisure they would have before starting out again. There they would meet old friends and enjoy feasting and dancing, sometimes even fighting with one another. Dancing was their chief pastime. They would step out to the music of the fiddle or the bagpipes. They had their favourite old-fashioned dances that we hardly ever see now except at some old-timers' ball — the Red River Jig, the Eight-hand Reel, Canadian Quadrilles, Polka, Schottische and Highland Fling. The Eight-hand Reel and the Highland Fling I can do myself, because an old-time champion Highland dancer taught me and my sister and we have always kept up the Scottish dancing at home, as well as many other Scottish customs. I have never seen Scotland, but I like to read "Wee Macgregor" by J. J. Bell, "Sir Gibbie" by George MacDonald, "The Starling" by Norman Macleod, "Tales of a Grandfather" by Sir Walter Scott, "Kidnapped" by Robert Louis Stevenson, for these books tell of Scottish people, Scottish traditions, and speak at times in the quaint but easily understandable Scottish tongue. And of course I love to read the poems of Robert Burns.

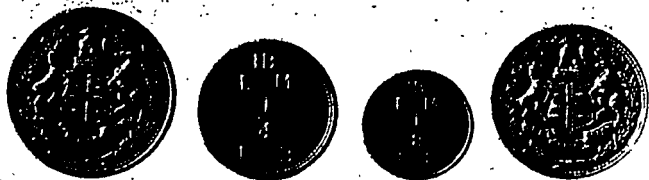
But to get back to the dancing at Lower Fort Garry, — the Red River Jig and others I have watched at old-time dances, and they certainly are strenuous. The Indians go in a lot for jig-stepping, even today, and it is funny to listen to Indian fiddlers sawing away at old Highland tunes that have got badly battered about in being handed down by ear from father to son, for

generations, just in the same way as a legend used to change in the old days when there was no printing. Every person who told the story added a bit to it, or left a bit out of it, or turned it about.

TRADING BY "MADE BEAVER"

Roderick Campbell, whom I mentioned before, was a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company service at the Stone Fort in 1859. Here is his description of his daily work:—

"My emporium was crowded every day with customers ready to purchase goods for cash, or to barter with their furs and agricultural produce. A record of all articles sold was entered in a sales book. The currency was sterling, and consisted chiefly of promissory notes issued by the Company, redeemable by bills of exchange granted at sixty days sight on the Governor and Committee of the Company in London. These bore a high premium



Brass "Made Beaver" Tokens, obverse and reverse sides, One, One-half, One-quarter and One-eighth "Made Beaver".

in the United States. The notes were of two denominations, one pound and five shillings. Besides the notes, there was a good deal of English gold and silver in circulation.

That was a little different from the early trading that was done with the Indians at York Factory and Moose Factory. Then, when the Indian hunter arrived at the post with his furs, the trader sorted them out and put a value on them. He then handed the Indian wooden tally sticks to the value of each perfect beaver skin, or its equal value in other skins, because the perfect beaver skin was the standard of value, like an English sovereign or a United States five dollar gold piece. This perfect beaver skin value was called a "made beaver", and each tally stick became known as that. The native then went into the store and bought what he wanted in blankets, gunpowder and shot, axes, beads, et cetera. These goods were on a tariff or price list equalling so many "made beaver". The native traded his tally sticks for the goods he wanted, so that these sticks were really wooden money.

People nowadays sometimes say, "Well, goodbye — and don't take any wooden money." But in those old days, wooden money was all right.

Ivory disks, quills, smooth round pegs or sticks, lead shot and at last brass tokens all represented "made beaver" at various times. I have often handled the brass tokens. My dad had a set which he got from an old H.B.C. officer in Victoria in 1928.

Brass tokens were introduced early last century



One Pound Sterling 1820

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

I promise to pay the Bearer on Demand the Sum of One Pound, Stock at York Factory in Ruperts Land, in a Bill of Exchange payable Sixty days after Sight at the HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE, London.

Given the 2 day of May 1820 For the Governor & Company of the Adventures of England, trading into Hudsons Bay

Witnessed at YORK FACTORY, the 7th day of June 1820 by:

Wm Williams Governor.

John Benn Accountant.

Hudson's Bay "Blanket" One Pound Note issued 1820.

1820
4 June 1820

The Council

1820
4 June 1820
Wm Williams
John Benn

and in 1854 smaller tokens of the value of one-half, one-quarter and one-eighth of a "made beaver" came into use. These have the Hudson's Bay Company coat-of-arms on one side and the initials of the district and the value on the other side.

Then there was paper money issued by the Company, for it has to be understood that the Hudson's Bay Company was really the Government of the Western country up to 1870. This paper money was used between traders and the Company — not with the Indians. The notes were called 'blankets' and were valued at one shilling, five shillings and one pound.

This money was withdrawn from general circulation in 1870 at the time of Confederation.

WHY THE STONE FORT WAS BUILT

The Stone Fort was really built to avoid the rapids at St. Andrews, and to afford a high place of refuge in time of floods which harassed the settlers in the early days, but not now; also as a place of defence in time of domestic or other trouble.

Duncan McRae, a stone mason from Stornoway, Scotland, built the stone work of the fort. He died about 30 years ago, but he certainly left permanent monuments to his name.

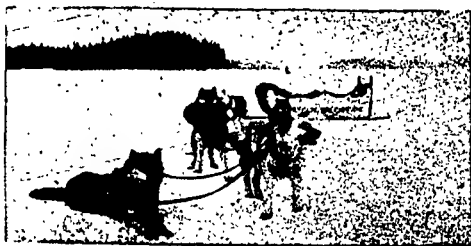
The fort proper, inside the walls, takes up four and a half acres of ground, each wall is 450 feet long

and about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and three feet thick, of roughly dressed limestone. The corner bastions are 55 feet in diameter and were used for bake-house, store-house, powder-magazine and ice-house.

SOMETHING ABOUT HUSKY DOGS

The Stone Fort was famous for its great trains of dogs that left and arrived there every winter. But all that dog business has been stopped since 1911, although the fort itself is just as it was in the old days and one can easily imagine things simply by looking at it.

As for the husky dog, no one knows definitely his origin. He isn't really half dog and half wolf, as some think; he is all dog but of a special kind. He may have been partly wolf away back, or even all wolf, but to



A Husky Team.

get a husky, one doesn't have to breed a wolf and a dog.

The husky's feet are much tougher and stronger than the ordinary dog's.

He gets broken in to sled work when he is about a year old, and he is very quick to learn. Some dogs learn all the signs and words in a few hours' training. The husky is at his best when from three to five years old.

Dog teams usually consist of from five to seven dogs. When they are travelling inland, the teams are generally hitched tandem, but in the east, Hudson Bay and the Arctic Coasts, they travel fan-shape because of the hummocky ice — that is, they are spread out on different lines.

The harness consists of a collar and bellyband, with traces, made of leather. Bells and ribbons are added when the driver wishes to make a brave showing.

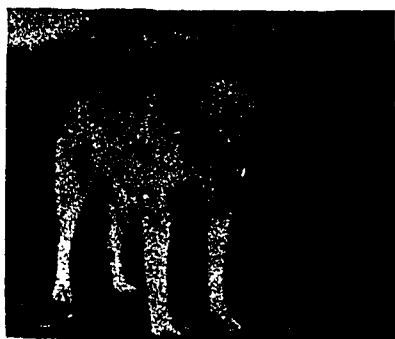
The dogs soon learn the personality of their owner or driver and whether or not he will stand for any monkey business.

The weight of the loads on a dog sled has to be figured out pretty carefully according to the state of the trails and the weather, but a fair average is about a hundred pounds to the dog.

FEEDING OF DOGS

The colour of the husky dog varies, but his colour doesn't affect his ability. He is fed only once a day and then in the evening as soon as his work is done. At the end of a day's run, the men cut the wood for their fire, unload and prepare camp, and get the dog feed ready, either by thawing it or cooking it. Just as a good horseman does with his horse, so a good dog driver sees to his dogs before he sees to himself.

The dogs have to be staked out and tied up, or the driver has to be on hand with a whip, when feeding



A Famous H.B.C. Husky Leader.
Merwin.

them, to prevent fighting and to allow of every dog getting his proper share.

The regulation meal is from three to five pounds a day and consists of dried or frozen fish or meat, or warmed cornmeal, oatmeal or rice, to which tallow has been added to supply the fat. In winter, the dogs just use the snow for their drink, and it doesn't seem to hurt them any.

The huskies herd together in cliques, and a single dog of one clique will make a wide detour to get back to his crowd rather than pass close by the dogs of another lot, for these other dogs would set on him and tear him to pieces if they could.

The husky dog is vicious and can never be fully trusted. They have often been known to attack children if unguarded, and not so very long ago the wife of an R.C.M. Police sergeant was attacked so severely and so badly mauled that her leg had to be crudely amputated up at a trading post, by amateurs. This mauling she got from the dogs finally resulted in her death.

But in spite of all this, he is often lovable, and he usually responds to kind treatment. He is a willing worker, but if he is overdriven then his willingness only measures up to his strength. Sometimes an unthinking driver forgets what a dog is really capable of in the matter of hauling and resorts to beating, but he has to learn that that does not make either man or beast do more than he is able to do and just reduces the dog's working strength.

When a driver looks after his dogs he is well repaid by the extra work he gets out of them.

TRAVELLING BY DOGS

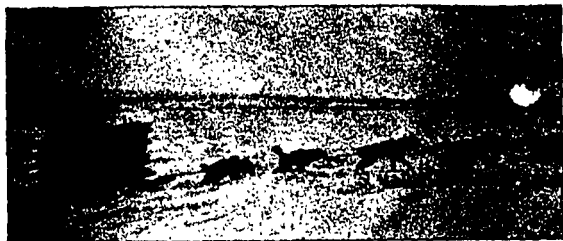
In many parts of Canada, east of the Rockies, the words used by native dog-drivers, and by whites who have come much in contact with the natives, are "marche" meaning march or start, "yu-ee" meaning right and "chaw" meaning left.

In the far west the terms have changed to "mush" "gee" and "haw", no doubt the same words as the others originally. Of course some native drivers give orders to their dogs in their own native tongue, Cree, Chipewyan, et cetera.

Dog racing is still in vogue. I have watched them in Winnipeg, but these were unimportant races. The real ones are run at such places as The Pas in Western Manitoba, and in Quebec.

In 1929, the race at The Pas was over a 200 mile course, non-stop. It was done in a blizzard, with the dogs and men completely played out at the finish. Emile St. Godard won. I have seen him in Winnipeg. He is a very young man to have won so much fame in dog-racing. In The Pas Derby of 1925 St. Godard's dogs did 204 miles, non-stop, in 25 hours 28 minutes, with of course, a light racing sleigh, and unloaded.

Such races and the time taken cannot be compared properly with the wonderful forced runs of some fur



Dogs of the North hauling firewood.



Dogs doing Summer
Ploughing



Winter Travel in Canada.

traders in the north where these men have heavy loads and are travelling under no special preparation.

Every few years a mysterious epidemic seizes the dogs and kills them off in great numbers, just as it does with other animals in the wilds. Rabbits are greatly subject to this and when they die off, other animals do too, for so many of them depend on rabbits for their daily bill-of-fare.

I have seen dogs used for hauling wood, and my dad has a photo of a team of dogs attached to a plough, helping to till the land at the trading post in the spring-time.

From this you will gather that travelling by dog team hasn't died out yet, although the airplane is bound to do with the dogs in the north the same as the automobiles have done with the horses in the south. The Hudson's Bay Company still use over 600 dogs every winter at their posts.

AN ARCTIC TRAVELLER

Mr. Hugh Conn, the General Inspector of Fur Trade Posts for the Hudson's Bay Company, is a friend of dad's and I have met him at our home. Just lately he made what may be perhaps the last great journey in the north by dog team. In 1927 he left Winnipeg for Edmonton, then by rivers and lakes to the Arctic, 2,000 miles, and on to Herschel Island to

meet the Company's steamer "Baychimo"—on her trip up the coast from Vancouver. He travelled east to Cambridge Bay and back to Baillie Island, then east again across what is known as the North West Passage, by canoe and dog train, to the eastern side of the Arctic Ocean, arriving back in Winnipeg via Fort Churchill, now called Churchill, and York Factory on 16th May, 1928, having done a total distance of 9,000 miles, and 4,000 miles of this was done under Arctic winter conditions, with a dog team. After a month's rest, he set out again by the same route to Herschel Island and returned up the Mackenzie River, doing 1,500 miles of the journey by dog team, arriving in Winnipeg on 25th March, 1929.

Another officer of the Company, Mr. Richard Bonycastle, accompanied Mr. Conn on this latter trip.

"I have detailed the route taken, but it doesn't need much imagination to picture what endurance and privation would have to be undergone on a journey of this nature, especially when we take the trouble to trace it out on the map of Canada and see for ourselves where he actually went."

SITTING ON THE MAGNETIC POLE

One of the conditions of the Hudson's Bay Company's Royal Charter was that it should try to find the North West Passage. It has made many attempts

to do this, and lots of the Company's ships and many valuable lives have been lost searching for the Passage, but in July, 1928, the Company's little auxiliary motor schooner, the "Fort James" was instructed to sail from Newfoundland, through Davis Straits, Baffin Bay, Lancaster Sound, Peel Sound and Franklin Straits to the south end of Boothia Peninsula, and winter at the last-named place. It must have seemed to them like the last place too. They did it, and wintered practically on the top of the Magnetic Pole. It was in this locality that Sir John Franklin and 129 men lost their lives over a hundred years ago, and now the crew of this little motor schooner has wintered there in comparative comfort and safety, being in regular touch with the outside world by radio.

The "Fort James" could have gone right through to the Western Arctic, making the complete passage, but she was required to remain where she stopped for the purpose of making observations.

The Company recently had a tractor, (Just think of it!) that entered the western side of the North West Passage from Wager Inlet and went on to Cockburn Bay, which makes it possible to take supplies every year from the Eastern to the Western Arctic, no matter what condition the ice may be in, and that is something that could never be done before.

Now, do please get a map and trace all this out for yourself, because you will find it a most interesting lesson in geography, and it will also make you feel

proud that men are doing as wonderful things in the world today as they did in the years gone by.

A JOURNEY ON MY OWN

"Where are we going this year?" I asked dad, at the supper table one evening.

"We? Where did you get that, young man?" he asked.

I grinned.

"Haven't you been over this country enough already?"

"Say, dad, — you know we always go somewhere."

"Well, — your mother and I are going East this year, so I guess it won't hurt you to stay in Manitoba for once."

I looked dejected, because there's no use looking as if you were happy in a case of that kind. It wouldn't be honest, and besides it doesn't work so well.

"Don't you think it is time you were going on your own for a change?" he asked, after a while.

I brightened up at that, for I scented something in the air.

"Good old dad," I said. "Tell me what is on your mind?"

"How'd you like to take a bundle of blankets and a knapsack, and tumble on to the boat at Selkirk and

go up to Norway House for a few weeks when we are away? If you save half the cost, I'll go the other half."

There wasn't any need for an answer to a question like that. The bargain was struck right there.

But the hardest job was saving my half the cost of the boat trip. I thought I was going to be stumped, but I did some work and a kindly relative who visited us slipped me a five dollar bill when he was leaving, and with that I managed to make it. What was better still, I got a fellow my own age to come with me, one I knew well enough to make a real pal of. And I got a tent, and a kettle, and frying-pan; not very much more, for I knew we could get bacon and eggs, bread and butter, and other plain stuffs at the Hudson's Bay post up there.

OFF FOR LAKE WINNIPEG

We left on the steamer "Wolverine" from Selkirk on our 300 mile journey up Lake Winnipeg. The "Wolverine" is 22 years old, at its youngest, is of 200 tons burden and is 125 feet long.

On board there were about a dozen passengers — air force men, Hudson's Bay Company men, surveyors, geologists and prospectors, and fifty or sixty native fisherman going up to Warren's Landing for the lake-fishing season. These last were a careless, happy-go-lucky bunch. Most of them had had more liquor than

was good for them, and no troopship could have been more lively than the departure of this old lake boat from Selkirk.

On the wharf were old women draped in shawls, young women and girls in flaring dresses and ribbons, all shouting goodbyes and making would-be funny remarks to the men on board.

Just as we were casting off, the usual last passenger staggered along the wharf and nearly fell into the river between the boat and the wharf as he balanced himself precariously on the shaky gang-plank. He was making it very well till somebody on board hit him right in the eye with a half-sucked orange.

The "Wolverine" isn't a big boat, and she was very crowded on that trip. There weren't enough berths to go round, but we had reserved a plain little two-berthed room to ourselves. The "Wolverine" is really a freighter, and passengers are an afterthought with her.

A WILD AND SLEEPLESS NIGHT

These half-breed fellows were wild and very noisy. As night came down, the older ones cluttered the decks and alleyways, in blankets, lying full length or propped up against the deck-houses. The younger ones didn't want to sleep and didn't care if anybody else did or

not. They scraped on fiddles, and if anybody has heard half-breed music of the old jigging kind scraped on a fiddle by fiddlers who never had a lesson in their lives, they will have an idea what it sounded like. Beyond throwing out a sort of quick-step time, it was simply a series of creaky noises. Other fellows tinkled ukeleles, or blew into mouth-organs — still without any real tune — while the remainder jigged and thumped on the deck all night through, within a foot overhead from where I lay in the upper berth.

They are good dancers in this jigging way of theirs, and they do a great variety of steps, but the best dancers in the world wouldn't be appreciated over anybody's head at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Amidships, another crowd yelled and sang jazzy and coon love songs.

We were glad to get up at six o'clock in the morning when the bell sounded for breakfast, for we hadn't had two continuous winks of sleep all night.

There was a fishy-moccasin kind of smell all over the boat, but everything was all so new to us that we didn't mind that at all, and nobody interfered with us in any way. Some asked questions — where were we going, what were we going for? but that was all.

THREE HUNDRED MILES UP LAKE WINNIPEG

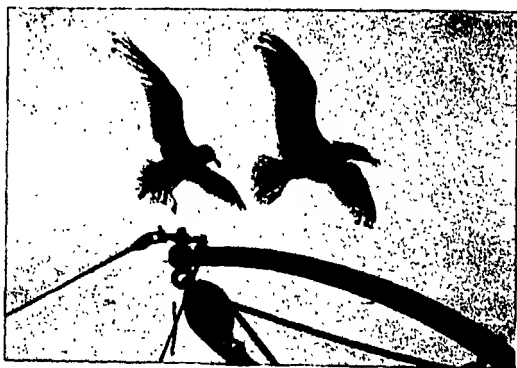
All the noisy fellows were now sobered up and were very quiet and solemn looking, and seemed sorry



Warren's Landing Fishing Station, Northern Manitoba.



S.S. Wolverine, Loading Firewood.



Gulls in Flight on Lake Winnipeg.
(a remarkable photograph).

for themselves. They looked a husky, decent bunch of men, and they had three months of hard, hazardous fishing right ahead of them on a very stormy lake. I asked questions and found out from them that they got paid sixty to a hundred dollars a month and board for their season's work.

The old "Wolverine" is a wood-burner and swallows a lot of fuel. The fuel accounted chiefly for the smoked-fish odour on the ship.

At a place called Bullhead we stopped to load wood.

This was a great sail for me, the first I'd had where I slept on board and had my food served to me in the cabin. They certainly know how to feed a fellow on

board a boat: The scenery was fine, like the Lake of the Woods, with beautiful little islands every here and there, and flocks of gulls that almost lit on you, they were so tame and cheeky.

A FISHING VILLAGE

In thirty-six hours we arrived at our first destination, Warren's Landing, the fishing headquarters of the Northern Fish Company. Although in the very middle of Canada, here was a typical fishing town, like one might see on the East and West Coasts, or in Scotland. It had warehouses, ice-houses, and a store where we got some candy and gum. Gum — just think of it!

There were packing-houses, dwellings for the married men, bunk-houses for the single men, and cook-houses.

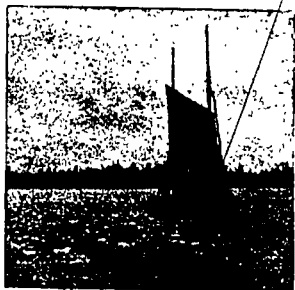
Net-racks were all along the shore, and there were the inevitable bands of yelping dogs, many of them tied up to keep them out of mischief. These had been brought by the men because of the cheap summer feeding they could get on fish offal. But dogs in bands, especially Indian dogs, are a regular nuisance and a nightmare.

AN INLAND FISHING FLEET

A total of 21 fishing-boats were moored inshore awaiting the fishermen, and within an hour of our arrival the sixty we brought were in them getting them into sea-going order, stepping the masts, and boxing up storage places for the fish. These fishing-yawls are thirty to thirty-five feet long and carry three or four men each.

The fleet sails for the fishing grounds in two long strings, behind two tugs, at 3 a.m. every morning during the season. They fish twenty to forty miles out on the lake. Winnipeg Lake at this place is seventy-five miles wide. As I mentioned before, it is three hundred miles long.

The boats usually come home under their own sail about 6 p.m. after they have caught their load, and they make a fine picture as they race each other, keeling over, with their sails bulging, then swinging shoreward and lowering sail just the right moment to bring them alongside.



Lake Winnipeg, Fishing Boat

The fishermen are Indians, Icelanders and half-

breed Indians, and they look their calling, in their high rubber boots, oilskins, and sou'westers — real hardy fishermen that even the Atlantic might be proud of.



Fishing Boats racing homeward. Lake Winnipeg.

A VARIED CATCH

Whitefish is the chief product, but pickerel, sturgeon, jackfish, goldeyes and perch are also caught for the U.S.A. and Canadian markets.

The Canadian Government restricts each season's catch on Lake Winnipeg to three million pounds of dressed whitefish, and these have to be caught between 1st June and 15th August.

The fish are cleaned and gutted on the spot, on arrival from the fishing grounds, and the men certainly

are quick at their work. Possibly this is because they want their supper, and they don't get it until the entire catch has been handled and is ready to leave by the outgoing steamer.

Thousands of gulls scream and screech all the time, and crows fight and feast there continually. They feed on the offal which is taken some distance into the bush and dumped.

The dressed fish is weighed and packed in ice and shipped back to Selkirk by the "Wolverine" and other steamers for trans-shipping to Chicago, New York, et cetera.

We watched the fishing-boats go out in the early morning, and we saw them come back, for we had to wait over a day for our down-river barge — and we watched also the whole operation of cleaning and packing and shipping, and it seems to me it only needed a few flashing lighthouses and a lifeboat station to carry one in thought to the Pacific and Atlantic coasts where the salt-water fishermen follow this fascinating call of the sea.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Winter fishing goes on on Lake Winnipeg too, for whitefish, tulibeas and pickerel.

Holes are made in the ice, two and a half feet in diameter, when the ice is about four inches thick. Nets

are set through these holes and pushed along by means of poles, twenty feet long, which are run under the ice and caught up at the hole ahead along with the net. A jigger, with 'dogs' is rigged up for getting under thick ice. Fishing is done fairly near to the shore, with three or four nets, each forty-five fathoms, set in line. These are left in the water from 24 to 72 hours. The fishermen meantime live out on the lake, on the ice, in cabooses set on skids. These cabooses are drawn out to the fishing grounds by horses. A cook and full camp equipment accompany the gang.

IN A BUNK HOUSE

We spent the night in a bunk house at Warren's Landing, putting in our evening watching some men playing poker on a table covered with torn oil-cloth, by the light of a spluttering coal-oil lamp, and listening to the mining men and Government geologists spinning yarns round a stove which was the hardest thing in the world to keep going with wood, then we got sleepy and couldn't watch or listen any longer. And we slept soundly. We never would have seen the fishing fleet go out had it not been for the noise and horseplay of a few enthusiasts among the fishermen, but I am glad we saw them.

While here we got our food in the cook-house,

among that great crowd of fellows, full of fun and jokes and mischief, and decent in their talk before us boys. The cooks certainly knew how to appeal to a man's stomach.

BARGING ON THE NELSON RIVER

The tug and barge that were to take us the final twenty miles of our run down the Nelson river was at last loaded, so off we went.

Tugs are not built for speed or comfort, just for cargo hauling, so we squatted on deck as she slowly, slowly, slowly moved along the narrowing and winding channel. The scenery here wasn't much, just winding river, with trees and marshy country on both sides.

And, say! — we pretty nearly made a real mistake here. We had received our meals on the "Wolverine" and at Warren's, and foolishly never thought about taking food with us on the tug. It was just one of those silly overlooks that a fellow makes. Well, when dinner time came round, we began to smell savoury smells coming out of the little galley, and our stomachs began to send messages that they needed refilling.

We looked about, but there wasn't any dining-room.

Then the Captain and the Engineer went into the

galley and had a good dinner. We passed the door enviously a few times. When the Captain came out, he spoke to us.

"If you boys go in to the cook he'll give you all the tea you want to wash down your grub."

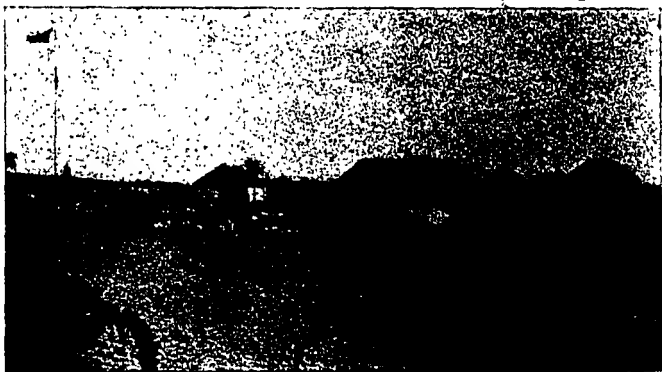
I told him timidly we didn't have any grub. Well — he was just the decentest ever, and before half an hour had passed we were tucking in to fish and potatoes, bread and butter, and tea. Say! — there is no feast can beat a feast of plain grub when you are real hungry and have just been thinking for an hour that you weren't going to get a single bite for ever so long.

After that, the balance of our journey looked more beautiful than ever.

NORWAY HOUSE AND PLAYGREEN LAKE

Old Doctor Maclean used to talk to me about Norway House and the beautiful Playgreen Lake, and my dad did too for he has done some historical work there — but the sight of that quadrangle of bright, white-washed houses, with the typical red roofs and the bottle-green window frames, set boldly on the land on a promontory, and in front, on the high grassy rocks, the big flagpole with the Company's flag flying — the British Red Ensign and the letters H. B. C. in white in the right-hand, bottom corner — the granite

monument below; and then across the narrow neck of the river the white stones of an old-fashioned graveyard, set out right down to the water's edge, while all about is calm and quiet and sunshine. I just felt they didn't say half that was coming to Norway House.



Norway House Post. (present day).

When we landed we were shown where we might set up our tent, told what we could do, and what we shouldn't do, and before very long everything was snug and shipshape for our stay.

WE PITCH OUR TENT

Every fellow knows how to pitch a tent, how to set up his mosquito screen, how to build a fire for cook-

ing and how to put it out again immediately after; to make a comfortable bed of boughs, also how to cook a plain meal of wholesome grub, — so I haven't any intention of boring you with details of that kind.

I just want to say, we pitched on a nice grassy, well-drained spot, not too far from the trees, in a little bay surrounded by rocks, with smooth shelving rocks dipping into clear crystal water that had a smooth bottom of solid rock too, with different depths of pools, so that it was just like a swimming-bath.

Now, what more could two fellows have than that, with a store at the fort nearby, where we could get bread and tea, bacon and canned stuff, and butter, and everything, — and away out there, away from the interference of anybody or anything, with a boat to row about in, water to swim in, some of Henty's and Stevenson's and Ballantyne's books to read if we wanted to, Cree Indians to chat to over at the village of Ross-ville, the old fort to poke around, sticks to whittle with our jack-knives, and each other to box, and wrestle, and race with, and chat to as much as we wanted, and dandy sunshine, warm weather, with only one trouble — mosquitoes.

THE OLD FORT

We got to know a lot about this old trading post of Norway House by asking questions, and reading up, and investigating about.

We learned it had been founded originally in the year 1801, by Chief Factor William Sinclair, some four miles away, and it was then called Jack River House. In 1815 it consisted of five dwelling-houses, a kitchen, a trading room and two store-houses scattered among the rocks.

It was here the banished Selkirk settlers had to winter when, in 1816-17, they were exiled from Fort Douglas by the Norwesters.

In 1814-15, a party of nine Norwegian axe-men, prisoners of war, were employed by the Hudson's Bay Company to clear land for a chain of posts, and one was built opposite Warren's Landing at the head of Lake Winnipeg. This is how the name Norway House originated.

Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, visited that post in 1819. It was burned to the ground in 1824, and after that the post on the present site came into being, took the name of Norway House, and prospered as a transport centre for a great many years, because it was a good point of call from Fort Garry, from York Factory, and from the West and North coming by the Saskatchewan river into Lake Winnipeg.

REAL INDIAN LACROSSE

Paul Kane, a famous artist and author, who travelled all over this western country in 1846, tells in his book how Playgreen Lake got its name.

It was because of a green plain which the Indians used to play their games of ball on. This game appears to have been the original of our game of Lacrosse, and here is how Paul Kane describes it. It was a bit different from the lacrosse we play nowadays.

"They also take great delight in a game with a ball, which is played by them in the same manner as the Cree, Chippewa and Sioux Indians. Two poles are erected about a mile apart, and the company is divided into two bands, armed with sticks, having a small ring or hoop at the end and with which the ball is picked up and thrown to a great distance; each party then strives to get the ball past their own goal.

There are sometimes a hundred on a side, and the play is kept up with great noise and excitement."

BACHELOR'S HALL

Norway House post has several buildings almost a hundred years old. One is known as Bachelor's



Bachelor's Hall (1838) Norway House.
R. M. Ballantyne's Home, 1841.

Hall'. It is a sort of bungalow cottage and was erected in 1838. It is still used as a dwelling-house for the apprentice clerks, and here, in 1841, R. M. Ballantyne lived. He was the famous writer of such dandy boys' stories as "Coral Island," "Ungava," "The Gorilla Hunters," "The World of Ice," "Settler and Savage," et cetera, and he spent his first apprentice year as a clerk at Norway House. He wrote a lot about this in his book, "Hudson Bay."

H. B. C. APPRENTICE CLERKS

The apprentice clerks in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company have always had to sign a con-

tract. R. M. Ballantyne's original contract is still preserved and I had an opportunity to read it through. It was signed by himself.

I have often wondered if I'd not like to be a Hudson's Bay Company officer myself some day.

In this agreement, R. M. Ballantyne agreed to serve the Company at a salary of twenty pounds, twenty-five pounds, thirty pounds, forty pounds and fifty pounds a year, all found — five years apprenticeship — and he agreed to devote the whole of his time and labour in the service, for the Company's sole benefit, to do his duty as much and perform all such work and service by day or by night, to obey all orders from his superiors in the service and defend the property of the Company with courage and fidelity.

That is just a part; there was a whole lot more.

As far back as the year 1693 it was the custom of the Company to recruit its officers from well-educated, healthy boys of British stock. The Orkney Islands, the Western Isles and other parts of the North of Scotland were where these boys were drawn from, but in recent years they have been engaged from all parts of the British Isles and from Canada.

The apprentice clerks are coached in all branches of the fur-trade service and are trained so as to be able to fill important positions later on.

RANKING OF H. B. C. OFFICERS

The ranking of the officers in the service is — Apprentice, Clerk, Trader, Chief Trader, Factor, Chief Factor, and Commissioner.

There was a time when the Company stopped giving commissions, but this was revived by the present governor, Mr. Charles Vincent Sale, in 1928.

Such famous men in U.S.A. and Canadian history as Dr. John McLoughlin, Sir James Douglas, Peter Skene Ogden, Dr. John Rae, and Lord Strathcona and Mount-Royal (Donald A. Smith) were Chief Factors in the Hudson's Bay Company service.

I thought I'd tell you about this, when mentioning R. M. Ballantyne, because I made a lot of inquiry to get this right, and I have not seen it correctly written about very often.

A SHREWD FACTOR

The Council House at Norway House is another old place, where Governor Sir George Simpson, and Sir Donald A. Smith used to hold council with the senior officers of the Company.

There is a quaint old stone jail, dated 1855, with slits for windows, and walls of granite two feet thick, with an iron-sheathed door, and all built on solid rock. Not much chance to escape out of that!

The story goes that a half-breed hunter got into trouble and was sentenced to six months in jail right at the beginning of the trapping season. The Chief Factor was of course the judge in the case. This Chief Factor, being a good fur-trade officer, hated to see a good hunter in jail during the hunting season, so one morning he went to the prison and told the hunter if he'd promise to bring in a good catch of fur, he'd be allowed to finish his six months' term in the forest. So the half-breed hunter spent the balance of his prison term catching fur in the forest.



The Stone Jail. (1855) Norway House.

RELICS OF BYGONE DAYS

In the Clerk's House there are still the remains of the old Norway House library, which contained at one time perhaps the finest collection of books in Western Canada.

I went all over the 400 books that were there.

One book had on the fly-leaf a threat to anybody who might borrow a book and not return it:—

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,

"For fear the gallows will you end."

The oldest object of interest at Norway House is the bell on top of the Arch warehouse. On this bell, in raised letters, is moulded:—

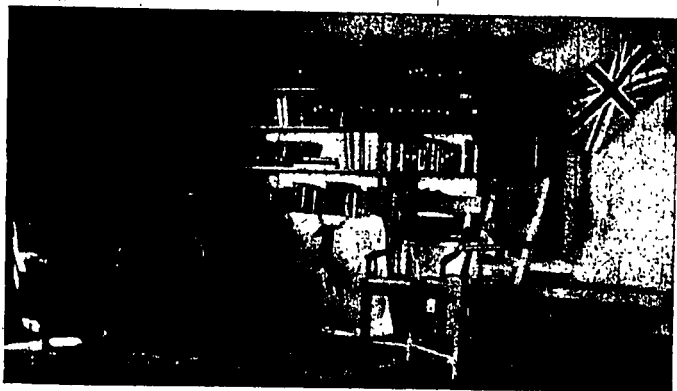
"Ship Sea Horse, launched March 30th, 1782.

Hudson's Bay Company."

I got my pants stained with red paint from the roof in trying to find this out.

The bell is still used, morning, noon, and night, and on special occasions.

Then there is what is known as the "Franklin Sundial", a very famous old relic. It used to sit in the side garden, but the post manager found a visitor trying to take part of it away with him one day, so it had to



The Old Library, Norway House, Manitoba.



Arch Warehouse, Norway House, with Bell (1782)
and Franklin Sundial.

be placed in the open where one could keep an eye on it.

Some people would run away with the entire fort if they could. It would be worth running away with, too.

A BRAVE MAN AND A FAITHFUL DOG

The monument at the flagstaff is worth knowing about, because it commemorates the heroism of a young Hudson's Bay Company clerk, who lost his life in attempting to save his Chief Factor from drowning.

It was at Sea Falls in 1892, when Chief Factor Horace Belanger, Stanley Simpson and an Indian named Elijah Hoole were pushing off in a canoe. As the current caught the boat, it upset, with Mr. Belanger and Stanley Simpson. The Indian Hoole managed to scramble to safety.

Both men clung to the upturned canoe, and Simpson, who was a good swimmer, managed to secure Mr. Belanger to the canoe by tying his wrist to the painter, but his efforts completely exhausted him and he sank and was drowned.

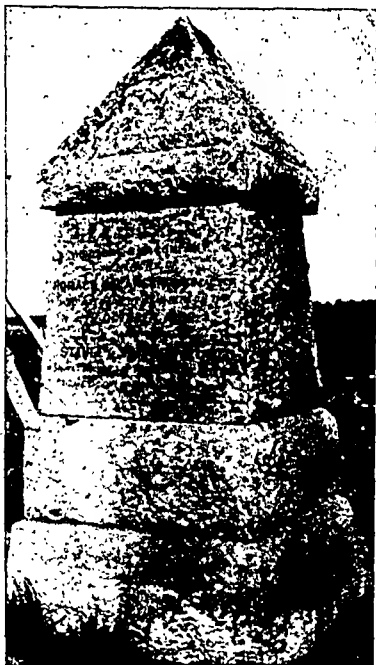
Mr. Belanger was a very corpulent and heavy man. He was found later, in an eddy, drowned, but still tied to the canoe.

Stanley Simpson's little terrier, called "Punch", was found some days later, too, near the spot where they finally recovered the gallant young clerk's body. The faithful little dog had waited all that time, as near as it could, for the returning of his master, and refused to leave until they found his body.

I saw Elijah Hoole the Indian. He was alive and at Norway House; now quite an old man but still able to do a day's work.

The monument on the rock was erected by the Commissioned Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.

What is possibly the oldest stone building in Northern Manitoba is the powder-magazine, which stands about 200 yards away from the fort. It is built of rough granite and bears the date in the coping stone of 1838:



Belanger Monument, Norway House

A PIONEER MISSIONARY

About two miles by water from the Post, where we went several times by canoe, is the settlement of Rossville, famous because it was the first Indian Mission site up there. In 1840, an English Wesleyan missionary of the name of James Evans came out to establish the Wesleyan North West Indian Mission. He put in his first winter at the fur-trade post, learning all he could of the Cree Indian language. The next spring he started at Rossville, and with native volunteer help he got timber from the forest and built a church, a school and a parsonage, also about twenty houses for the Indians, who then lived chiefly in tents and wigwams. He taught the children the rudiments



The New Rossville Mission at Norway House.
Site of Rev. James Evans original Church
in foreground, (1841).

of schooling and trained them to sing some of his own simple translations of old popular hymns.

In 1841,—the year R. M. Ballantyne was at Norway House — he perfected a system of writing in the Indian language, called the Cree Syllabic. This is not unlike shorthand. My dad has the New Testament and also a hymn book printed in the Cree Syllabic. Less than fifty characters of circles, angles and dots were used by Mr. Evans to cover the entire Cree language, and it was so simple to understand that a white man who knew the language could master the writing of it in a few hours, and an intelligent Cree could read it after a week or two's study.

PRINTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The Reverend James Evans had a terrible job in starting his publishing house in the Northern wilds. He had no printing-press or type, but he was of the real pioneer stuff. He made the leaves of his first book from birch bark. Then he cast a font of type from the lead he managed to procure from the insides of Hudson's Bay Company tea-chests. He made ink from chimney soot. All he needed then was a printing-press. He didn't have one, but he made use of a fur press, and in this way he succeeded in printing 5,000 pages. He bound these into copies of a small book of hymns of sixteen pages.

Some time later, his enterprise was rewarded by the shipping out of type and a printing-press from London, England, for his use.

Prayer books, hymn books, the catechisms and tracts, in the Cree language, have all been produced by this system. The Bible was printed in Swampy Cree syllabic characters in 1861 and in Plain Cree in 1920.

AT CHURCH WITH THE SWAMPY CREE

After hearing about this, we thought we'd like to go to church, and we had only to mention it to have our wish realized.

We went to the Jack River Anglican mission afternoon service. It was some miles away, so we went by motor boat.

A crowd of Indians, men, women, girls, boys and children were waiting on the lawn, all dressed up in their Sunday best.

The church was a humble little place and looked terribly in need of painting and renovating. Everybody was very sober and quiet and earnest. We sat in front, as the minister gave out a hymn from what he called the "York Factory Hymn Book". He said afterwards that the Indians liked his reference to York Factory because originally many of their forefathers had come from there.

Their hymn books and Bibles were, of course, in the Cree Syllabic.

They sang "Rock of Ages," "There is a Happy Land," and "Holy, Holy, Holy." They could sing very well too. We sang in English and they had always to add a lot more syllables than ours to keep up with the tune. We always seemed to be finishing ahead of them.

They sang a lot and liked to sing.

The churchwarden was called Moses — a good name for a religious man. He prayed at the close of the ordinary service and was very earnest about it.

The parson was the preacher, leader of the hymns, the organist, and a lot of other things, so he really needed all the help he could get from Moses.



Jack River Anglican Mission, Northern Manitoba,
with Swampy Cree Congregation.

AN INDIAN BABY'S CHRISTENING

A baby at the back of the church kept crying and disturbing the service. It was brought forward later on to be christened. It was a chubby little girl, with coal-black eyes — all dressed in white, with pink and mauve ribbons. From the waist down, it was laced into a dark-blue velvet moss-bag.

Its mother had a black dress on and a mauve sweater, and was wearing moccasins, thick grey stockings, and a fine black silk shawl with fringes was draped over her shoulders. The shawl showed she was all dressed up. So long as she had this fine shawl, it didn't matter what else she might happen to wear. She had nice, glossy-black hair all smoothed down and didn't wear any hat.

The baby yelled, and she joggled it. Then the pastor took it and joggled it some more, but his joggles hadn't any more magic in them than the baby's mother's had — it simply wouldn't stop.

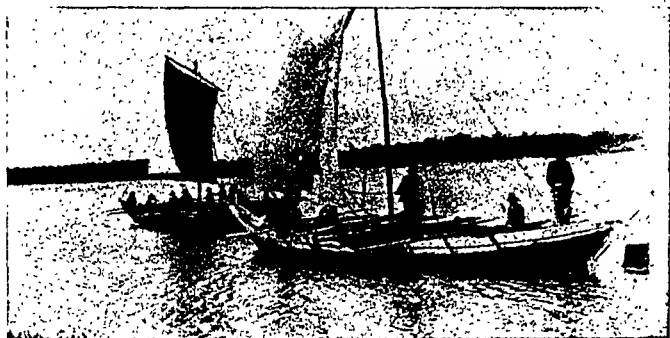
So the minister had just to try his best to drown it with his voice at the same time as he put the water on it and pronounced it baptized. All we heard was the baby, but everything seemed all right and everybody looked happy at the finish and satisfied that the job had been done right.

That was the very first church service I ever attended where they didn't take up any collection.

YORK BOATS

At Norway House we had lots of chances to inspect a real York boat — one of the very few that are now left. This one was really the last one built.

About a hundred years ago the York boat and the freight canoe were the only means of inland water travel in the summertime. The York boat was manned by eight voyageurs, usually French Canadians or Highland Scots — six oarsmen, a bowsman and a steerman. These boats had to be light enough to be taken on rollers over portages, strong enough to shoot



York Boats with Sails up.

the rapids, sea-worthy enough to cross stormy lakes such as Lake Winnipeg, and with sufficient room to carry a cargo of 'eight pieces', each of which weighed 100 lbs. They carried a sail and were from 28 feet to 40 feet long. They look not unlike the pictures we sometimes see of low-set Viking galleys.

The oars were about 20 feet long and the oarsmen had to rise to every sweep of the oars, then fall back on their seats with all their weight on the oars.

They say that to make sure the keel of the York boat was a perfect piece of wood when building, after it was cut and finished, a watch was held against the butt of it at one end, while someone put their ear to the other end and listened. If its tick could be heard by the listener, the keel was O.K.

In the York boat there was room for the clerk in charge, or other official, as well as the crew and cargo. The boats generally travelled two or three to the brigade.

A BUSY GUIDE

The 'guide' in charge of a brigade was first up in the morning, got the fires going and the kettles on, and gave the call for getting up. He regulated the time of starting and the time for making camp. He was responsible for the safety of the cargoes, for their

protection in rain and other storms, and he repaired broken packages and damaged boats. At bad rapids, he would often steer each boat through in turn, going through the ceremony of raising his cap and offering up a word of prayer just before going over the head of the rush waters.

That guide sure must have been a busy man and all he did makes one wonder what the others did to occupy their time.

For the voyage, each man carried his blanket, spare clothes, and drinking pot, in a sack. A piece of birch-bark served as a platter, and a pointed stick as a fork. The men were cleanly in their habits and although continually wet, used soap and towel regularly. Their food was hard tack, bacon, pemmican, tea, sugar and syrup.

TRACKING IN OLDEN DAYS

In tracking against strong currents or winds, along the banks, the men got into harness, with the loop of a rope over their heads and across one shoulder, with an end to the rope about three feet long, to which there was a wooden toggle, arranged so as to be easily detached at a moment's notice should they be in danger of being pulled into the current.

Often the men were up to their waists in water, as they didn't worry much about picking the dry spots.



and often too they'd duck and wrestle in the water, getting soaked right overhead. They were full of fun and horseplay.

The York boat crews were great rivals, great eaters, and great story-tellers.

But one doesn't hear the chansons and choruses of the voyageurs any more up the rivers and out on the lakes of Canada. Those of them who are still left in the land of the living are so old and so hoarse that they can hardly croak let alone sing.

The gas boats, the factory-made canoe, the steam-boats, the railroads, these have put the picturesque York boat and the more picturesque voyageur completely into the discard.

THE SWAMPY CREE INDIANS

The natives in and around Norway House are chiefly of the Cree Indian stock, a pretty fine type of men, not very tall, but well-built and very active. They are dandy canoemen and live by freighting, fishing, trapping and hunting. The women are very pretty when young, but soon seem to get fat and waddly, and look as if they were just a bundle of bedding tied in the middle by a string.

The Cree Indians originate from Manitoba and Saskatchewan, between the Red and Saskatchewan

rivers, and eastward down the Nelson river to Hudson Bay, and northwest toward Athabaska lake. They used to travel about a great deal, wherever food happened to be, real children of the forests, but now they don't have to, so they have become more settled in one place.

The Crees and Chippewas are closely related in language and in religious beliefs, and have other things



Cree Indian Chief.

in common too. There are reckoned to be about 18,000 Cree Indians in Canada. The Norway House Crees are Swampy Crees and they sure are well named, for there are lots of muskegs and swamps up there.

A great many of them now are half-breeds and some of them are called McDonald, and McGregor and Robertson.

FISHING AT NORWAY BAY

The Lake Winnipeg fishing that I told you about — a big industry now — really originated in and about Norway House post. In the early days fishermen were regularly employed by the Company to provide the winter supply; and in 1835 no less than 35,000 whitefish, air-dried, were put up for winter use.

I saw the old "sturgeon bay" there by the Fort. They used to catch sturgeon alive in nets and impound them in the staked-off bay, keeping them alive and taking them out for summer use as they required them.

Isinglass, which is a wonderful gluey substance, guaranteed to stick almost anything or anybody, is derived from the inner organs of this fish, known as sturgeon sound.

Now, I have tried to find out all the interesting things I could about Norway House, and I have asked questions till my tongue got tired and I am sure till everybody was sick and tired of the sight of me and

my little notebook and pencil. It is different with a fellow's dad; he can ask all he wants to, and a real dad doesn't mind, and it so happens my dad knows a good deal about these places and their history without having to turn up books to find out, for he has been studying them for years now and he is really fifty-thousand times more interested in them than I am, so he just loved to answer all my questions. "Didn't you, dad?"

He doesn't answer.

Well — we sailed Playgreen Lake, and we fished jackfish, and visited the air-force station on one of the islands, and just 'camped' till our holiday was over.

We were sorry to leave, but happy too, because we had had a real fine time, with no accidents or trouble at all, and everybody was so good to us, it was just like being at home.

In some countries a boy might be afraid to travel alone, but I wouldn't be afraid to travel by myself anywhere in Canada so long as I knew my way and where I was going.

A PROSPECTIVE JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC

Because my mother's people have lived in Vancouver for over forty years, it seems we can never

stay away, awfully long from the Pacific Coast, so every year or so we find ourselves back there in the summer months; dad for as long as he can afford time, and we for as long after that as dad will let us. In that way I have had lots of chances to check up on the things I saw and knew about but didn't quite understand when I was so much younger, and here I have often passed up the very early years and have given you the impressions from the way they hit me when I was ten and twelve and fourteen years of age.

Of course, all this time I had to stay with my schooling at St. John's, but that was always to the good, for St. John's believes in cultivating the body as well as the mind, and we fellows always have a good time, although sometimes we think we get more home-work than we would give to our teachers' kids if we were their teachers.

Early last year, when dad said he expected to go away up to Fort St. James, on Stuart Lake, in the Northern Interior of British Columbia, among the Nakraztli or Carrier Indians, on some historical work, my heart began to beat fast, wondering just when he would go and if the rest of us would be in on at least part of the trip.

Then he said he intended going late in June, and we could all go together by the Northern route, and he would branch away from us at Vanderhoof, which is about midway between the Rocky Mountain Range and the Coast city of Prince Rupert, and strike northward while mother, my baby sister and I, could go on

to Prince Rupert and wait for him to catch up on us there, later, then we could all sail down the coast together in my uncle's boat. My uncle is a sea-captain on the Pacific Coast, and knows every rock and inlet from Vancouver to the Arctic.

Well, when he said that, my heart beat faster than ever, and I thought no fellow ever had a better dad.

SOME CHAMPION ATHLETES

But dad put in a few conditions. Dads always like to do that. I'd have to study hard at my lessons and make a good pass, or I'd stay at home; I'd have to save up my money if I hoped to have any in my pocket, and to do that I'd have to forget about ever wanting to get to a picture-show between then and going-away time.

Well, these weren't very hard conditions. But he had one other. He told me that as an old racing athlete — and he was, for he had cups, and medals, and clocks and bronze ornaments, and a clipping-book to prove it — he was disgusted at my poor showing every year at the school sports. He had run in Scotland and England, in the days of Hugh Welsh the champion British miler, and Alfred Shrubb, the world's champion long distance racer of that time — he had run in handicap races against such sprinting athletes of 28 years ago, as J. S. Morton, the British

champion, Dennis Murray, the Irish champion, J. P. Stark, the Scottish champion, R. W. Wadsley, English champion, R. S. Stronach, Olympic hurdle champion, A. F. Duffy, U.S.A. World's champion of his day, and a whole lot of others who were just like dad, not in the first flight like those I have mentioned, but close enough in to win handicap races.

ON MAKING A RACING ATHLETE

All that was 28 years ago, dad said, yet here was I, nearly fourteen years old and he could still beat me over an even hundred yards; in fact, my mother (who was an athlete too) could beat me over a fifty yards race any time we went out to the park. Not only that, but a regular bunch of my school-fellows could leave me standing. He said he knew I could race, only I wouldn't put my mind to it — I'd start listlessly, and then not get going until half a dozen of the fellows were ahead of me and had me hopelessly licked, and, if by any chance, I happened to be ahead, I would look round and lose, or slow up, in surprise or in confidence, and lose, always something, but I'd lose; and a boy like that in sport was just as apt to be like that in everything else. He told me he would show me all he knew, if I'd just get down to it and train regularly.

AN INSPIRING PAIR OF OLD SHOES

I said "Sure," so he went into an old trunk in the attic and brought out — what do you think? A pair of spiked running shoes. They were his own that he had run with in Scotland 28 years before, and there they were in pretty nearly first-class condition. He told me they were made for him specially by an old Glasgow sprinter of his time, Tom Straiton. As a sprinter he certainly was a first-class shoemaker. After this, I wouldn't be surprised if dad brought the 'Lost Tribes of Israel' out of that trunk. We oiled the shoes, got a cobbler to fix a little part of the sewing that had given way — and they fitted me like a glove. Just think of it! — racing in shoes that were 28 years old. And I certainly ~~could~~ could race in them too. Right off, I felt I could do yards faster in the hundred, and they weren't a bit awkward to run in, even from the first.

I guess these old shoes gave me ambition. My dad had done good work in them and I didn't want to disgrace them.

A START IN TRAINING

He took me out twice a week and coached me. I know there are lots of fellows who would have liked

the coaching I got, because dad was an old hand at the game and knew it thoroughly, with lots of little hints and touches to give me what a boy can't possibly know anything about by himself, so now there's no harm in me passing on to you what he showed me. Any fellows who are not interested in racing can just skip the next few pages, but most fellows are interested in school sports.

Dad told me a schoolboy should never train so hard as a grown man, because a boy is always fairly fit with his everyday exercise and games.

HINTS ON HOW TO GET AWAY

"I have watched hordes of boys starting in the hundred yards dash," he said to me, "and I have found about nine out of every ten start with their front foot six inches behind the mark and their hands on the mark. In that way, they are penalizing themselves that six inches right before they begin.

"Neither the hands nor the feet should be over the mark, of course. That is a definite rule of racing. But why not start with the hands and the front foot in line and right on the mark, with the fingers bridged and spread like a tripod, and the weight of the body partly on the fingers to preserve the balance? Others start differently, I know, but I learned to start that way.

after trying other ways, and I never found it to fail, and could get away every time with the best of them. Some weight too should be on the ball of the front foot. The front foot is the one that does the first great push off — not the rear foot — so a good, firm grip of the ground should be made with the front foot."

That was all news to me, but in a short time I had it and was surprised how well it kept me balanced and poised.

GET ON YOUR MARK!

"In getting on your mark, the lower, bent knee should be in line with the hollow or instep of the front foot, about an inch away from it," he would tell me. "You must always be on your toes, as if on springs — no flat-footed starting."

"Tuck your body well under you, like a spring tightened up and ready to be released."

Dad got me 'set' right and took photographs of the positions, so that I could study them at my leisure, and get the positions thoroughly in mind.

"From the first signal of the starter, 'Get on your mark!' you must start racing, never stopping again till you are through the tape. On the first signal remember you are already racing. That may sound strange, but it is an old tried and proved method. I



Get on your Mark!
First position in start of sprint.

What systematic training did.

Get Set! the second sprint,
starting position.

Position of hands and arms
for sprinting.

think I copied it from A. F. Duffy at the Glasgow Exhibition Games in 1901, and I never found it fail."

GET SET!

"At the signal 'Get on your mark', you should be down, with your body poised and balanced, and you must immediately start the slowest of gradual upward motions toward the second position, so that when the second signal comes, 'Get set', you are just there already and do not have to jerk into that position. At that second signal, 'Get set' you have a lot of other things to remember.

"Expel all the used air from your lungs and fill up quickly to full but unstrained capacity.

"Raise your head very slightly — not in a strained way — and get your eyes on the tape, if the race happens to be a hundred yards. Keep your eyes on that tape as your only objective, and don't forget it for the slightest flash of a second till you have broken through it..

"Remember, you are still rising slowly on your forward leg — slowly, gradually ~~f~~ and getting to the third or taking-off position, but you must always keep your body in control, guarding against overbalancing or false starting. It is all a matter of timing and after a practice of this continuous movement, you

will find yourself far less liable to breaking or falling over than you would be with the separate-movement system of starting."

GO!

"The spring and get-away is reasonably more easily and more smoothly and quickly accomplished by the system of gradual rising, for the body is never really at 'dead-stop' and only needs a speeding up, while with the set or jerk movements, the body has to be started afresh at each signal from the starter." It is really more a matter of continuous mind action than body action."

I worked at this new system for several weeks, dad giving me the signals dozens of times each evening out. I would go off each time for ten or fifteen yards only, dad shouting and urging me to speed up quickly.

"Go on! Go on! Quicker, — quicker, — quicker!" he would shout with the result that I was soon able to get to full speed in the first ten yards.

THE ART OF BREATHING

"Now son, something else," he said, and I was beginning to find out that there was real science in racing a hundred yards, "some experts say that every

unnecessary breath in the hundred yards dash means the loss of a yard and a half, — and I believe it is true. Think of that for a few moments!

"Of course, you must not try to hold your breath until you are fairly bursting for another. That would be false economy. Fresh air is fuel. No engine can go without fuel and the faster it goes the more fuel it consumes.

"You must practise deep slow breathing regularly until it becomes a part of your life. Practise it every morning for a few minutes when you rise. Practise it in the daytime whenever you think of it, and it will soon become a habit. Lots of people, ladies especially, use only half of their lungs to breathe with.

"Now, at that second signal, 'Get set', you expel all the air in your lungs and 'fuel up' quickly, so that on the bang of the starter's pistol, your lungs are filled to capacity with fresh air and you won't have to expel and fill up when you are five yards out, as many do, with the possible loss of that yard and a half I told you about."

I found this the most difficult thing of all to remember and get control of, for I was busy thinking and listening for the starter's pistol.

But I reviewed the things in my mind and eventually got them;

On the second signal, 'Get set', I had to be moving slowly toward the third position;

I had to raise my head very slightly and keep my eye on the tape;

I had to expel air and take in a fresh supply;

I had to listen intently for the starter's signal and get off like a flash.

I got all that fairly well after a while, although I haven't got any of these things perfect yet by a long way.

HAND AND ARM ACTION

"Now," said dad again, "leg action in racing is very important, but arm and hand action have also to be carefully considered.

"Many racers sprint with their hands clenched. See—you are doing it now! Don't you see that tightens and stiffens all the arm muscles, even your shoulder muscles are affected by it.

"Keep your hands open, with the fingers also open, but set together and used as if you were going to cut the air.

"Your arm action must be a rotary-piston action, not unlike that of the driving rod on a locomotive wheel. No — not too much arm action, but, again, not too little. Practice will develop just the correct amount to harmonize with the length of your stride but don't clench the hands and make fists of them."

LEG ACTION

"No boy can race without legs. His stride is everything to the racer's speed, even in the hundred yards dash, so off you go round the track for a quarter of a mile to round off with. Put your heavy sweater on and don't try to go too fast. This is all for action, style, for long striding, and just incidentally, for your wind."

"Stretch your limbs well out and spring from your toes at every stride, chest out, head poised but not stiffly held up. I should be able to put a chalk mark on each of your shoes at the heel, and these marks should be there, clean and unrubbed, when you finish. I know they won't be, but try for that. Keep well on your toes."

"Remember, son, a racer's entire action should be free, smooth, elastic — with force, energy and the 'will to do' as his propelling powers."

And after all this, dad wasn't through yet.

KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK

"A very important thing to remember in racing is concentration. You must get your mind on your objective and keep it there: — the tape — The Tape

— THE TAPE: — to get there — to win — to win —
Win:— WIN.

"Why, boy, a second in a hundred yards dash means practically ten yards. Think of that! And let me repeat — never turn your head to look at or for an opponent. Looking round is a common fault among young athletes, but it is one that can hardly be excused in the older sprinter, it is so obviously the wrong thing to do.

"When nearing the tape, never lessen your speed. Don't 'free-wheel' the last three or four yards. Lots of races are lost on the tape through thoughtlessness, through over-confidence, or the false notion that the race is already won. No race is ever won until the tape is broken.

"Never slacken your speed a hairbreadth until you are at least five yards through the tape."

MORE WORTH WHILE HINTS

"Always untie your shoe-strings between your races. This gives your feet free blood circulation. But never forget to re-tie the shoe-strings before your next race. A loose shoe-string may mean a sprained ankle and a lost race.

"Keep your body and legs warm between heats and races. Chilled limbs never do the best they are capable of.

"Avoid drinks of cold water between races. And I need not tell you, son, for you know already and you haven't got the habit — a youth is always a better athlete if he abstains entirely from smoking.

"But here is where you have the habit and should cut down on it — an athlete in training eats very sparingly of sugar, candies, pies, pastries and pasty sweet things; 'patent leather grub' as George the Trapper would term it.

"A good meal about an hour and a half before racing is a great help, but it is a poor practice to eat heartily just before racing.

"Systematic walking in the country, lots of sleep with the windows open, or out-of-doors entirely when the weather is suitable — occasional hot baths for loosening up, with gradual cooling showers or sponging, massage and rubbing and pummelling with the hands and fingers, or with a rough towel — all these go to the building up of an athlete, to the making of a winner, of a champion."

BE A SPORT AND A GENTLEMAN

"Learn to be a true sport, son," my dad says, "and don't be hoggish after all the prizes. If you are a regular winner, give the other fellows a chance by staying out of a race occasionally. But if you do go

into a race, never let any one else win if you can prevent it, for that isn't honourable sport.

"Learn to accept defeat courageously. You have had to do that often enough already, so you know what it means. Accept the judges' decisions with a smile and with a handshake to the victor when you are beaten, remembering always that there are plenty more opportunities in the world in which to win. There are popular athletes and unpopular ones. Never spoil the admiration and applause of your fellows by affecting a superior, stuck-up, or all wise or boastful attitude, even if you are a better athlete than the others. A modest athlete is always the popular athlete."

RACING A REAL STUDY

Now, all this showed me that races were not won at the school games by a half-hearted sprint or two for a few days before the event, but by long and careful attention, and I did the best I could to follow what I soon saw for myself by my progress was very sound advice given by one who knew the game thoroughly.

I was of course anxious to try myself out, yet timid as to the outcome, although I gained confidence as I went along and knew that I was doing far better than I had been able to do before dad took me in hand.

Dad kept me at it till we went away at the end

of June, and he made me put my spikes and racing suit in my grip.

Then he sprang it on me that he was going to take me with him to Stuart Lake and Fort St. James, and after that we could both pick up my mother and baby sister at Prince Rupert when we were through.

I was almost too excited to sleep at nights, for that looked like being the most wonderful and out-of-the-way trip of any yet.

But I had better finish about that racing training. Dad kept me doing a little every second day on a grassy spot we found away up at Fort St. James, and when we got back to Winnipeg, he still kept me at it, and I loved to be kept at it.

PREPARATION MEANS VICTORY

He wrote my mother, who had stayed over at Vancouver, and told her I could beat him over the hundred at long last. She didn't quite believe it, for she had a notion that he was unbeatable, but when she came home, and dad was away back in the Northern Interior of British Columbia for his second journey there in two months, we drove out to the park and she tried me out. I managed to beat her thoroughly over fifty yards. Of course, that wasn't anything to brag about for a boy of fourteen. I should have been able to do it long before, but she is a fine racer for a lady and

could put lots of boys to the blush. I am telling this just to impress on you fellows that systematic training and strict attention to starting and style, and to breathing, had worked wonders with me.

The upshot of this whole business was that at the annual games of the school in October I managed to win the hundred, the two-hundred and twenty and the quarter of a mile, one after another, and with it the Junior Championship of the School.

Now, please, I don't want anybody to think I am bragging, or preaching, or showing off what I know, because I didn't know a single thing about racing, and had to be shown every point like a six-year old learning the alphabet. But this is a boy's experiences and I am telling everything just to help the other fellow to know how greatly he can be helped in his school games, if he will go at it seriously and regularly, and if he happens to be lucky enough to get some older fellow, who really knows, to show him how. But I think he could train himself from what I have told of what my dad told me.

THOUGHTS ON A STUFFED BUFFALO

After the school examinations — and they let me sit for two of them earlier so that I could get away in time — we travelled by train 1360 miles west and northward to Vanderhoof, passing Wainwright on our way. At Wainwright Station there is a glass case containing a huge buffalo, stuffed. It looks like the last one, but it isn't, by any chance. But it rouses a fellow's curiosity, and he quickly finds out that at Wainwright there is a big buffalo reserve of the Canadian Government, where fifteen thousand buffaloes wander and browse to their hearts' content, yet 25 years ago they were practically extinct, caused by the coming of the white man, the railroads and the greed of the buffalo hunters who used to slaughter those noble animals by the hundreds of thousands for a dollar a hide; and a hundred years ago they roamed and thundered across the prairie in such numbers that some herds took several days to pass a given point and stretched as far as the eye could see.

CANADA'S GREAT BUFFALO HERDS

It is said that they dwindled down till there were only one bull and two cows left (but I think there were

a few more) and these were purchased and taken over by a rancher and when his little herd grew and he could not afford to look after them, the Canadian Government purchased them, and it is from this little herd that the present great one has grown. Why, they grew so quickly in numbers that in 1923 the Government got 150 Cree Indians to assist them in killing off no less than 2,000 bulls from the herd, and today the police of Winnipeg wear coats of buffalo hide in the winter and one can buy buffalo coats in the stores.

Besides this, large numbers of live buffaloes are sent north every year into the North West Territories of Canada, to a great reserve which lies beyond the Peace River, where a considerable herd of wild wood-buffalo was known to be roaming. These wood-buffalo never came southward, as the prairie buffalo did, so they were preserved all the time from extinction. They are

different, but fairly alike in type, so much so that it is understood they get on quite well together and mix with the new herd of buffaloes that are shipped up north from Wainwright. They seem to be able to get enough food up there in the winter to keep them going, by shovelling



The Buffalo Bull that Charged

away the snow with their muzzles and eating the grass which stays green and alive near the roots.

Almost every city in Canada has now buffaloes in its public park. Winnipeg has a little herd in Assiniboine Park. I never knew how agile a buffalo was until one Sunday a year ago. I was standing with others in the park about six inches from the wire fence surrounding the buffalo enclosure. The big bull of the herd was grazing about ten yards away. We were admiring him, and, like a flash, he charged the fence. I never saw him coming, he came so fast, like a shot out of a catapult. He made straight for where I was and, in spite of the strength of the fence, forced it forward in his charge, and his spent energy caught me on the chest with such force that I turned head over heels backwards three times on the grass before I stopped. He left a mark on my chest that remained there for a long time afterwards. I am sure I would have been killed had I not been those six inches away from the fence.

Now they have a double fencing around the enclosure.

I guess I may consider myself one of the last to have been hit by a charging buffalo, even with a fence between us.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

There is little danger now of the buffalo becoming extinct, but it was a near squeak, and the terrible thing

is that once any animal or bird becomes extinct, nothing can ever bring it back.

Dad tells me that the passenger pigeons that used to hide out the sky for days as they passed on their southward and northward flights, have now become extinct, and they were slaughtered off in somewhat the same way as the buffaloes, often for just the so-called fun of shooting them and killing.

I am not very old yet, just fourteen, but already I know that the best kind of shooting of animals and birds is with a camera, and most fun and excitement can be had out of that.

FUR-SEALS AT PRIBILOF ISLANDS

The fur-seals were nearly gone too. The last little lot of them made their breeding grounds on the Pribilof Islands and they were being slaughtered every year on their way up to the rookeries by the Japanese, the American and the Canadian seal fishermen. But wise people saw the danger in time. There were only about 200,000 seals left. But since open fur-seal fishing was stopped by a special agreement, the seals on the Pribilof Islands rookery must number nearly a million.

What they do now is to take stock of them every year, the way a merchant would do with his goods, then they drive certain numbers of the three-year-old

male seals inland a bit and club them over the head. The proceeds of the sales of these fur hides is divided proportionately between the countries working the agreement.

You see, seal families live in harems, with one husband to a large number of wives, so that too many males are not wanted.

The father seal is called a *bull*, the mother a *cow*, the baby seal, a *pup* and the young male seal, who has no harem, is called a *bachelor*.

Those who look after them up there say that if they are attacked the bull seal will take to the water if he can, and leave his wives and babies to look after themselves, and yet in walrus hunting up in the Arctic, when a bull walrus is harpooned on the shore and takes to the water with the harpoon in him and is fighting for his life and liberty, his wife will come to his aid and tug and pull and help him all she can to get away, at the danger of being harpooned herself, and she will stay close by him until it is hopeless staying any longer.

BUFFALO PEMMICAN

But I was talking about buffaloes back there and of the time before they became almost extinct.

The Selkirk settlers, and others on the Red River, as well as at the various fur-trade posts in the West,



relied greatly on the buffalo for their winter food, especially on the prairies, while travellers across the country carried pemmican as their staple food. An old Hudson's Bay Company post manager, who had been in the service for forty-five years, told me all he knew about pemmican one time, and dad once brought a little piece home for me to taste.

It reminded me of dried shredded beef — a kind of saw-dust with a meat flavour.

The Indians made and used pemmican before the white men came to the country, and it didn't take the white man long to see its value when travelling where game was uncertain.

HOW PEMMICAN IS MADE

Pemmican of the Indians was made from the pounded and powdered dried flesh of the buffalo. The meat was cut into chunks, then sliced and hung in the sun or over a fire to dry. Then it was spread out on hides and pounded with wooden flails, or between stones, till it was completely broken up. This was then packed in bags made of buffalo hide, with the hair outside. Each bag was packed about two-thirds full, and buffalo fat or tallow was boiled into liquid and poured into the bags and mixed up. This got quite solid when cooled. The rawhide bag was next sewn up with sinew threads.

This meat kept almost any length of time. The piece I had to eat was five years old and if it tasted any different from the time it was made, well, I didn't know it.

But if it could satisfy the hunger of such men as the York boat voyageurs, it must have been real stuff.

Sometimes it was made in a fancy way by adding flour, potatoes, onions and other vegetables to it. They called this 'rubabou'. Berries were also added by the Indians to improve the flavour. But the hard-boiled old voyageurs took it 'straight', which meant just mixed with a little flour and fried in a pan.

WE GET TO VANDERHOOF

We got to Vanderhoof one night about midnight. Dad and I were landed on a platform and the train with my mother and little sister rolled on another 400 miles or so for Prince Rupert. It was in inky darkness and we didn't know where to go to spend the night.

We really didn't much care where we slept — a blanket in a barn or out along the Nêchako river bank (if we could ever have found it) would have been O. K., for often one would sooner sleep outside than in.

MAKING A WINTER CAMP

Even in the winter time, when it is away below zero, it is as cosy as can be inside an eiderdown, out in the forest, with just a canvas fly for a windbreak, cedar bark between one and the snow, and a good log-fire in front. A good way to make a fire, one that lasts, especially on top of loose, deep snow, is to set a fire bed of live green logs, six feet long and about six or eight inches in diameter. Green logs don't burn readily, so make a good permanent bottom. Dry dead logs of the same dimensions should be used for the actual firewood, and a good pile of them cut and ready, just behind the actual fire, so that they can be drawn forward, one by one, to replace those in front as they get burned.



A canvas-lean-to, supported with stick props stuck in the snow. Supper in comfort in ten below zero weather.

One should not use a dead tree that is lying down, because it is likely to be damp or dry-rotted. Always choose a dead tree that is still standing.

The windbreak of canvas, just supported by a few sticks as props in the snow can be put up in a moment and serves a double purpose — it keeps off any cold wind or blowing snow, and it throws back the heat of the fire all about the sleeper.

GIANT MOSQUITOES

We wouldn't have had to worry that night about fires anyway, because it was hot and sultry, and in the month of July. Our worry would have been the mosquitoes, which seemed to besiege the place. But we found there were two lodging places at Vanderhoof, one owned by a Chinaman, and one by a white man. We patronized the white man's place and fared not so badly.

We learned that an auto-truck would be in over the rough road — trail would be a better name for it — by noon next day and we would be able to get up the forty-five miles to Fort St. James by that.

We took a walk in the morning, seeing the entire town in two minutes and sampling its special brand of mosquito. I have never seen so large and per-

sistent mosquitoes anywhere, and they were in millions. If somebody would only start shooting and hunting mosquitoes for a dollar a hide, no one would ever object to their becoming extinct. These mosquitoes fought with each other for a place on our skin, and when we brushed them off, the body went but the legs and the probe stayed where they were. They seemed to dig with their feet as well as their proboscis.

They chased us inside finally, although generally they don't worry dad a bit. This was the first time I ever saw him run for cover from them.

A HARD ROAD TO FORT ST. JAMES

When the truck arrived and got loaded up with freight, we got into it, dad in front with the driver and me behind among the bales and packages. What a ride that was! Forty-five miles over hills and dales, ruts and boulders, sloughs and ditches and logs. I was



Fort St. James and Cemetery from rear.

rattled to pieces and would far rather have walked, for my bones ached and I was white from head to feet with dust.

Three miles from the end of the trail we reached Fort St. James and a very beautiful place it proved to be. No wonder the old fur-traders chose it as the site for their fort. They had a knack of picking the pretty places. If they had nothing else they made sure they would have scenery; Fort Victoria, Fort St. James, Fort Langley, Norway House, Lower Fort Garry — they were all on the best and prettiest sites for miles around. Fort St. James made a brave showing with its white-washed houses, with red roofs and green-painted window frames, nicely laid out as a fort should be, with even the old bastions and split log-houses of the days gone by still standing and in daily use.

It was just like stepping back for a century. Of course, there wasn't any stockade round it. That had been done away with long ago.

Behind the fort was an old graveyard of H. B. C. officers and servants. In it was buried Peter Ogden, the son of the famous fur-trader, Chief Factor Peter Skene Ogden, who was also in charge at Fort St. James in his early days before



The Bastion, Fort St. James,
Northern B.C.

going to the Oregon country. A grandson of his was also buried there. This grandson had been an enormously strong young fellow. He had been exhibiting his strength one day before other men and had strained himself severely and had died from the effects of it. Even a strong man can overdo it and hurt himself. If he hadn't been so strong, perhaps he would have lived for fifty years more.

AT THE HEART OF THE BIG GAME COUNTRY

Dad went to the fort and introduced himself to the manager, who knew of his coming.

There was a hunters' and fishers' lodge close by, patronized by big-game hunters and big-fish catchers from the U. S. A. and elsewhere. A place had been reserved for us there, so everything was lovely.

Three miles farther along the trail, at the end of civilization, was another hunting lodge, Douglas Lodge it was called, all built of peeled logs. It was a real dude-ranch hunting lodge, spick and span as a new pin, with nice little sleeping cabins all about, and radio and gramophone, log fires, motor boats and everything. It so happened it was owned by a gentleman dad had known in Vancouver 20 years before.

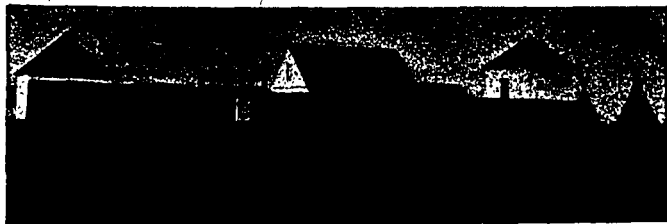
It was really at the end of the trail — beyond was nothing but virgin forest, rivers, lakes and mountains sheer to the Arctic brim, with grizzly, black, and brown

bears, moose, deer, mountain-goat and sheep and all other varieties of Canada's big game. Up there it is really the very heart of British Columbia's big-game country. We saw lots of them when we were there — bear, moose and deer would come down to the water edge in the mornings to drink, with sometimes a long, spindly-shanked baby moose trotting alongside his mother.

Stuart Lake is forty-five miles long and just a dream of mountains and islands and coves, and sparkling water in the summer time. My dad said it reminded him of Scotland. Fort St. James is on the east end of the lake, facing southwest where the Stuart River flows out of the lake and is joined by the Nakraztli.

AN HISTORIC OLD FORT

Now, I don't know whether to begin by telling you of my experiences up here on the lake with the Indians



Rear of Fort St. James with stockade, as erected for pageant, 1928.

or by saying a little about the wonderful story of the place itself. Perhaps it would be better to tell you of its origin and history first, then you'd get the lay of the land and an easier picture of the district.

Fort St. James was founded by the famous explorer, Simon Fraser, and his lieutenant, John Stuart, in 1806. Both these gentlemen were officers of the North West Company. Later on, John Stuart became a Chief Factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and he was the uncle of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, (Donald A. Smith). Fort St. James was the second fort built by them west of the Rockies. The first was Fort McLeod, founded by them the year before.

They called Fort St. James New Caledonia then, and later changed it to Stuart Lake post, to distinguish it from the entire country which got the name of New Caledonia, meaning New Scotland, so dad's notion that the country reminded him of Scotland was not so far out and had been thought one hundred and twenty-two years before.

Then Stuart Lake post was given the name in more modern times of Fort St. James.

"THE ARROWS OF THE DWARFS"

The Indians there, who are Carrier Indians, called it Nakraztli. That means "the arrows of the dwarfs floating off." The river close by is called by the same name. There is a very old legend among the Indians up there that tells of a tribe of fighting dwarfs who lived in caves up on Pope Mountain nearby. Holes in the mountain-face, high up, can still be seen from the lake. These dwarfs got into a fight with the Carrier Indians and got exterminated, but the fight was so fierce that the arrows of the dwarfs floated down the river in great heaps, and so the name.

THE HOME OF GREAT FUR TRADERS

Fort St. James was a very small place to begin with, just three buildings inside a stockade and a bastion at each alternate corner. But some very great men in the history of British Columbia and the Oregon country served there and got a lot of experience, for it was the headquarters of the entire New Caledonia district for many years — really the first capital of what is now British Columbia.

Take for instance, James Douglas, who later became Sir James Douglas and the first governor of British Columbia when it became a Crown colony — he served at Fort St. James as a clerk under Chief Factor William Connolly. This was shortly after the North West and the Hudson's Bay Companies amalgamated. Douglas married Chief Factor Connolly's daughter.

WHEN DOUGLAS FACED DEATH

The thrilling story is told, and there must be truth in it, that one time two of the Company's servants had been killed by the Indians and their bodies thrown to the dogs which is a very great insult in the eyes of the Indians. The murderers were pursued. One was caught and the other got away. Later on, this one came back, when he knew Chief Factor Connolly was away and only young Douglas was in charge. But Douglas heard of it and at once set out after the murderer, who was captured and was made to pay the penalty for his misdeeds.

This made the Indians angry. Chief Kwah and his band marched into the fort. Douglas and his men saw that trouble was brewing, so made to defend themselves. But they were outnumbered and overpowered without bloodshed. Chief Kwah's nephew, a hot-headed young Indian, drew the dagger from his uncle's

belt and went over to Douglas, holding it over his heart and shouting to Chief Kwah, "Say the word and I strike."

But Amelia Connolly, Douglas's young half-Indian wife, and Nancy Boucher, also half-Indian and married to the Fort's interpreter, dashed upstairs and started throwing gifts of blankets, tobacco and other things down among the excited Indians, who, thinking a 'potlatch' had started, forgot their quarrel and their troubles and made a mad scramble for the goods.

Their anger cooled off and Chief Kwah called his men away, and the danger was over. Chief Kwah said he just wanted to teach this young fur-trader a lesson, but it wouldn't have taken much just then to have started a massacre, and that would have been a great pity, for the Hudson's Bay Company men have been fortunate in having little or no bloodshed with any of the Indians.

I guess that was about the nearest James Douglas ever came to passing out. Just then, Victoria nearly lost its founder and British Columbia its first governor.

FIGHTING WITH BREAD AND TREACLE

But James Douglas proved to be the right sort of man, who benefited from every mistake he made and learned his lessons well. The historian, Maine, tells us, in his book, that later on, when Douglas was in charge at Victoria, on Vancouver Island, one day a

young clerk dashed into Douglas's office, with the exciting news that the Indians were in the possession of the fort courtyard. He wildly cried out to his Chief,

"Shall we man the guns, sir? Shall we fire on them?"

James Douglas looked up quietly and answered,

"Give them bread and treacle, — bread and treacle."

And that is just what they did, and the Indians went away, pacified and happy, just like children.

A MEMORABLE VISIT

James Douglas was moved from Fort St. James soon after this trouble, but not before Sir George Simpson visited the fort in 1828, with his canoes, and voyageurs all dressed up in gaudy sashes, with a piper in full kilt, and a bugler, Sir George (he was simply Governor Simpson then) and his officers on horseback, and a man carrying the British ensign in front, with guns going off and all kinds of display to impress the natives. George Simpson and his men had landed from their canoes a bit away from the fort and had got themselves dressed up for their parade into the fort.

Chief Factor Connolly was away on a trip at the time, so young Douglas had to receive the Big White Chief.



Fort St. James 1928 Pageant, showing Sir George Simpson and party entering the Fort.



Carrier Indian Girls Starting in Horse Race.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON IN PAGEANT

All that was a hundred years ago, and the event was commemorated on the actual day, 17th September, 1928, a hundred years later, at the fort, when a pageant was given, as true to the original scene as could be done, and later in the day there was an Indian barbecue, when whole steers were killed and cooked and eaten, with Indian games, Indian dances, Indian music, horse-racing, dug-out races — perhaps one of the last real all-Indian days that will ever be held up there.

Hundreds of Indians came in from all the outlying country, and hundreds of white people too. There was a big firework display over the lake at night and lots of the Indians ran away, scared. They had never seen fireworks before.

I was up there two months before this celebration, but dad had to go back later and help in the arranging of it.

You see, Governor George Simpson was a very great man, and the ownership of the Pacific Coast was in dispute, and historians say that his hurried journey through that year did much to save that part of the country for the British Empire.

And it certainly was a good part to save. I love British Columbia. I was born there, and so was my mother, too, although her people are Scottish — but I guess all that helps to make me love it.

THE KWAH DAGGER

You might be interested to hear that the dagger which was held at James Douglas's heart is quite a famous weapon and is supposed to have been the first steel knife ever owned by any Indian in British Columbia. I have held it in my hand and I have examined it carefully. It is a two-edged weapon, broad and sharp still, and all stained. Its handle is bound by raw-hide thong and it smells of camp-fires and wigwams.

Few knives have the bloody history this one has. It is thought to have been brought in by some of the early trading vessels.

Just how valuable it would be to the Chief rich enough to buy it can be imagined when it is known that, in the year 1779, 200 whole otter skins, valued at about \$8,000, were exchanged for a metal chisel, so the original and the following owners of the Kwah dagger must have been considered some chiefs.

WHEN INDIAN FOUGHT INDIAN

The history of the dagger goes back to the time of warfare between the Carrier Indians and the Chilcotins. The Carrier Chief, Nakwoel, died in 1765, and in 1745 many Carrier Indians had been massacred. Nakwoel's son was Tsalekulhye, whose two sons were Kwah and Oehulhtzoen. About the year 1780 — Kwah was then Chief — Kwah was thirsting for revenge on a neighbouring tribe, the Naskhutins, for rapine and murder they had done to his people in a fight that had ended his father's life. It is said that when Kwah first got possession of this dagger, he immediately hunted out two of his enemies to test the weapon's qualities, and he dispatched them so quickly with it and so quietly, that they never knew what struck them.

Indian-like, Kwah waited two years, then he set out with seven trusty and powerful followers. They went by canoe down the Nechako river to its confluence with the Fraser river. There they abandoned their dug-out and followed cautiously on foot. When they came opposite the unsuspecting Naskhutins, they found them busy trapping salmon. They waited, built a canoe, and at night fell on their enemies as they slept, slaughtering right and left.

CHIEF KWAH'S REVENGE

Tsohtaih, the Chief, with his young son, escaped the carnage, dived into the water and swam away, but Kwah, with the eye of an eagle, and revenge in his heart, saw them and followed the swimmers in a canoe. He caught up with them as they swam helplessly, and I guess a man in the water is about as helpless as a deer or a bear is. He jeered and jibed at them, then he buried his dagger in their bodies again and again until the water was blood red all about; and so they died.

Tsohtaih's baby was seized later and thrown into the river, just as had been done by the Naskhutins to some of the Carrier children years before. These people sure believed in 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

And Kwah grew in strength and influence, helped along by the famous dagger, which everybody was afraid of.

This early history of the dagger I got in parts from Father Morice's book. "The Northern Interior of British Columbia," in which he goes into the whole history of the Carrier Indians.

Its fame was known throughout the whole district and many lives have been taken with it, as Kwah's mighty arm wielded it, for the Carriers were a fighting

race. Kwah was Chief of the Carriers for a long time, and at the first coming of the white man.

The Carrier Indians of today consider Chief Kwah the greatest of all their great Chiefs. In speaking to them in 1928; they all told me how wonderful a fighter he was, so I guess he really was.

They all became possessed of knives later, but none they ever had could equal in their estimation the great Kwah dagger.

No doubt that was why Kwah's nephew drew it from his uncle's belt on the memorable occasion when he threatened the life of James Douglas with it.

Well, as time went on, Kwah died and his third son became chief, and the hereditary possessor of the Kwah dagger.

CHUMMING WITH CHIEF LOUIS BILLY

The present Chief is Louis Billy Prince. When I was up there he and I got quite pally, and he often used to sit down on the platform by the flagstaff and talk to me when dad was busy on his work. He is a fairly tall man and slimly built, and dressed in any old thing. He has a kindly face and can speak good English.

Chief Kwah was his grandfather, and he was the possessor of the Kwah dagger. He took dad and me down to see it. He unwrapped it as if it were a jewel-

led treasure. He told us its history and said ever so many collectors and museum people had tried to buy it from him, and he was scared some of them might get it sometime, or it might get stolen. Dad had a long talk with him about it and the upshot was he came away with the dagger to have it taken care of for all time.

Billy said, "Anybody else, I no' give it. Hudson Bay he different. He here all the time. He keep it safe in Winnipeg in his museum, beside other great things, and it be there always. All right, you take it and keep it safe all the time. That very precious to Carrier Indian and I no' like lose it some time."

And the Kwah dagger is now in the Company's Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

I felt very proud at being there when all this happened and at being a kind of outside party to it.

THE GRAVE OF A GREAT INDIAN WARRIOR

Chief Louis Billy gave me some flints and old stone axe-heads, one of yellow flint and the other of black flint. These axe-heads used to be bound to wooden handles by raw-hide thongs and used just as any modern axe would be used. The chief said he dug them up on his own place.

Chief Louis Billy took us down to show us Chief

Kwah's grave by the river's edge. It must have been a swell affair for an Indian at one time, but it is all kind of dilapidated now.

We photographed Chief Billy alongside the grave of his grandfather. Billy told us that old Chief Kwah had said before he died that if they buried him there by the river, the salmon would never fail to come up to Stuart Lake. Chief Kwah got the burial place he wanted on the strength of that, but he didn't play fair. He has proved a poor prophet, because the salmon-run has been a failure up there for years, and the Indians who lived almost altogether on their salmon catches, would starve to death now if they had to rely on them. The salmon might come back again if they moved Kwah somewhere else. I wonder!

THE CARRIER INDIANS

Nowadays, the Indians do a little trapping and hunting and trout fishing, grow a few potatoes and vegetables for their own use, do labouring work when they can get it to do, build dug-outs, go out as guides with big-game hunting parties, and do freighting on the lakes. Some have learned the trade of carpentry.

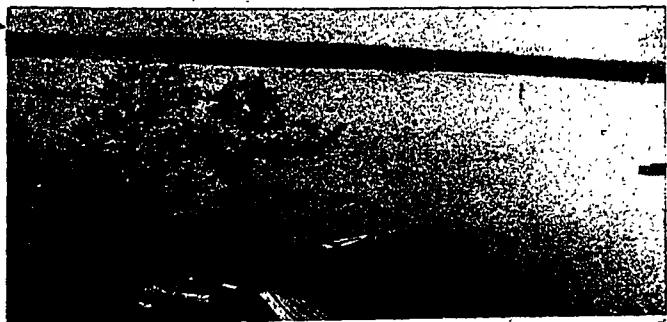
Quite often they don't do anything at all.

The women work in the fields sometimes. I took a good photo of two of them weeding, a mother and her

daughter, also of their meat caches, which are on stilts to prevent the dogs from getting at them. The women make moccasins, mitts and moose-skin coats, and do some nice beaded work. Dad bought a coat and mitts of their work for me, when we were . . . But, when he bought one lot, the yard at the lodge became besieged with Indian women wanting to sell him some of their stuff.

A SAIL IN A DUG-OUT CANOE

Until I went up to Stuart Lake, I always had an idea that the Indian dug-out was a thing of the past; that they weren't used any more. But I just had to get one glimpse of the shore at Stuart Lake to change that idea.



Stuart Lake, B.C. from hunting Lodge.

On the beach in front of the Rancherie (that is what they call the Carrier Indian village) there were dozens of dug-outs lying. These are in regular use. Some of the men were building new ones when we were there.

They all need boats, and, as modern canoes are expensive, they can't all afford them, so like wise men continue to make their own.

We went out on the lake in their dug-outs several times, and found them seaworthy and just as safe as any canoe.

The word dug-out, of course, explains the whole thing. The outside of the log is shaped roughly, then the inside is chipped out till nothing but the shell is left. The width is got by stretching the sides by putting in wedges and keeping the wood soaked and pliable. Some of these canoes are quite big and can hold a whole family and their belongings. So do the umiaks



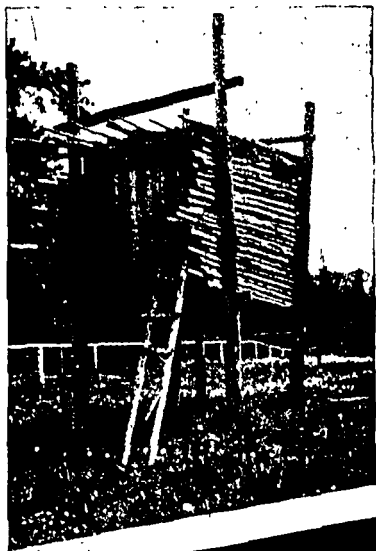
Eskimo Kyak.

or family boats of the Eskimos. They, of course, are skin boats. It is really wonderful when one looks at the way the different people of Canada have transported themselves and their goods all over the country. At first it was by snowshoes and dog travois by land, by dog trains, then Red River carts and prairie schooners drawn by oxen and horses, even camels in British Columbia on the old Cariboo road, over a part of which I have travelled. By water it was by birch bark, then York boats, stern-wheelers, then steamboats, motorboats, and, as I have mentioned, by umiak, as well as by kyak, in the Arctic. And now the automobile, the tractor, and the airplane go pretty nearly anywhere and carry almost everything.

CAMEL TRANSPORT IN B. C.

It was news to me, to hear that camels had been used in Canada and in the United States for transport purposes, for a boy generally thinks of the Sahara or the Manchurian deserts when he thinks of camels.

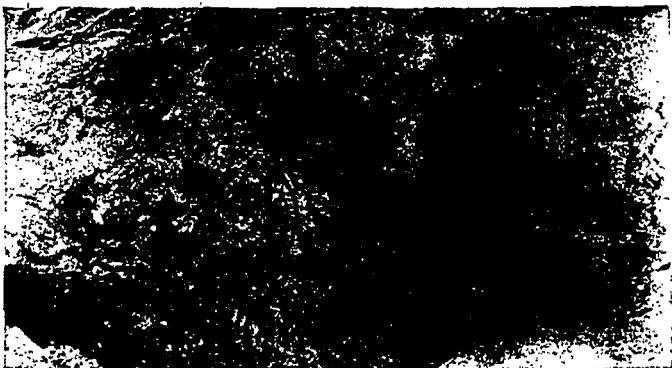
But those camels couldn't have been much of a success for I believe they only made one real trip up the Cariboo. The roads were too hard on their feet, and the passing horse-trains used to stampede with fright at the sight of them, and, perhaps they never really got to understand the white drivers' swear words. Anyway, they were put out to graze and gradually dis-



Carrier Indian
Fish and Meat
Cache.



The famous Kwah
Dagger, Carrier
Indians, B.C.



Indian Picture Writing on rocks, Stuart Lake, B.C.

appeared. I guess some hungry Indians and white men ate up a few of them and enjoyed them. But I heard of one camel that roamed about Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, for several years afterwards, a strange and lonely survivor.

It seems that even in the early days our pioneers were 'willing to try anything once.'

THE CARRIERS — A POOR PEOPLE

The Indians at Stuart Lake are nearly all Roman Catholic. There are no Protestant missions at Fort St. James or near. The Indians seem quite devout, for every morning at six o'clock I was awakened by the bell of the chapel clanging loudly, and, on looking out of my window, I could see a straggling line of Indians from the Rancherie going to prayers before starting away on their day's work, and they did that every day.

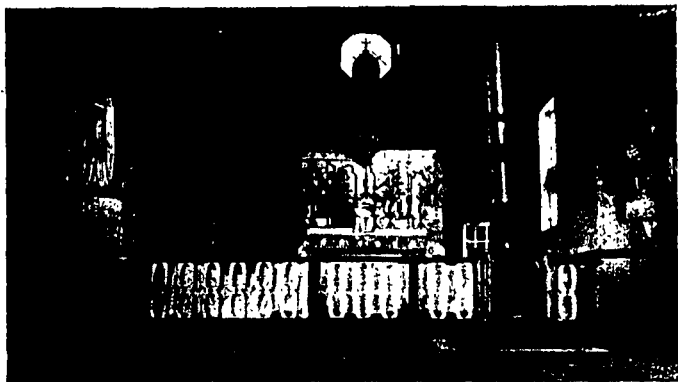
They are a very



Carrier Indian women at work
in the fields.



Carrier Indian Dug-Out. (dwelling).



Interior of R.C. Church. The Rancherie.

poor people, with not very much pride of race left, and I think they are among the most primitive of Canada's Indians that I have yet seen, more so than the Haidas, the Tsimshians, the Okanagans, the Bloods and the Crees, all of whom I have met in their own haunts and reservations.

A SCRAP WITH INDIAN VILLAGE DOGS

The village was just infested with dogs. These brutes gave me a pain. They would run out at me as I passed, and yelp, and growl, and snarl, just spoiling for a scrap.

One night, very late, dad and I had been visiting an old Hudson's Bay Company officer who lived about two miles away. We walked back by the trail, and had to pass behind the Indian village. One dog started to bark, then another, and another till the air was haunted by their noise. Then we heard them coming nearer like a pack of wolves. We hurried along, for we had had trouble with dogs before. Soon they were at our heels, a whole horde of them, growling and snarling, with one vicious big brute leading them on. We had to face them at last, and we threw a few stones at them, but they still came on.

Dad got mad at last. "Watch me get this ring-leader," he said. We both picked up heavy sticks from the side of the trail. The big, vicious one just

made straight at dad. I got scared for a moment. Down came the cudgel on the brute's nose. It staggered, got down and started to rub its nose with its paws, whimpering to itself. I got in a crack at another as it came on. The rest of the pack now held back. Then the vicious one started to howl dismally, and all at once turned tail and beat it as hard as it could for the Rancherie, with the others trailing behind it, all the fight completely out of them.

But I do hate the howling dogs of any Indian village. They are so mean when in a crowd.

SPORT IN THE WILDERNESS

When I got tired of following dad around, as he poked into this and that after historical facts, and interviewed all the old folks, and photographed the sites and buildings, I used to go off on my own out on the lake, or chatting to some of the Carrier Indian trappers about animals and traps, and fishing, but I soon found out that the white man was a far better fisher on the lake than the Indian. The white man uses more deadly bait, and pays more heed to the weighting of his line to suit where the fish may be swimming, and he plays his fish better. Anyway, dad caught the biggest trout that was known to have been taken out of the lake in 1928, but the story of that comes later on.

We found a nice stretch of grassy turf on a trail

in the forest, about half a mile from the lodge, and true to his determination dad took me out there every second morning and put me through some snappy starting and short dashes, just enough to keep me fit, then he'd make me put on rubbers and do a good trot to the lodge. After that we'd get into our swimming suits and dive into the lake where it was pretty cold but great to pep a fellow up. I felt in such fine fettle that I didn't feel at all, and I think when a fellow is like that — doesn't feel he has a body, doesn't remember it — he is in pretty good condition, that is providing he is in possession of his full consciousness. He might be knocked out, feel nothing, and be in pretty bad shape.

INDIAN PICTURE WRITING AT STUART LAKE

On our first week-end, we set out up Stuart Lake, in a canoe with an outboard motor. We wanted to see some pictographs that we heard were on the rocks about seven miles up the lake.

Now, I guess most fellows know that an Indian pictograph is a sort of story in picture-writing by the Indians on the rocks.

These ones I speak of were fine examples, but terribly hard to take a photograph of because they were done in red ochre on black rocks, and red in a photo-

graph comes out just as a slightly lighter shade than real black. But we got one fairly good picture which I hope to include here.

We questioned Chief Louis Billy Prince about them, and also the other old and intelligent Indians, but they couldn't tell us much more than we already knew about them. They couldn't read the actual story, if there really was any to read. They could say that this was a grizzly's foot, that was a caribou, and a bear, an arrow head, a bird, a moose, the moon and stars, a dead man, a frog, a lizard, bear tracks, a sturgeon; and they all said they were some headman's, perhaps the shaman's, dreams, which he put down as they came to him at different times. All said too that they had been there as long as any Carrier Indian, or his father, or grandfather could remember. Of course, it might be that those picture writings don't mean anything at all — I mean anything important — and after all might just be pictures drawn for amusement the same as some of our picture artists paint today. But an expert would have to say about that.

There was one big pictograph and two smaller ones close by it. The ochre must have been got from an ochre bed that is noticeable near by. These Indian picture writings are to be found in various parts of Canada. They make you think of the strange and wonderful place Canada must have been, with its medicine men, and conjurors, and Indian braves, before any white men came to its shores — a civilization all by itself, and now practically extinct.

Some of the Indians up there — Chief Louis Billy for one — can write in their own language. It is a kind of shorthand they use, consisting of curves and angles — it is called a syllabary. Father Morice, who lived there among the Indians for many years, and who now lives and writes in Winnipeg, adapted this for the Carrier Indians. The originator of this system was the Rev. James Evans, the Wesleyan Methodist missionary at Norway House in 1841, of whom I told you already.

AN ADMIRAL IN EXILE

There aren't many white settlers on Stuart Lake — a few farmers, and trappers, and traders, and that is about all. There is a small German settlement there since the war. One of the men is a German Baron. He used to come into the lodge for dinner when I was there. The first time he rose from the table, I thought he wasn't going to stop rising till he went clear through the roof. He was easily six feet six inches tall — the biggest man I've ever seen outside of a circus.

Then across the lake there is a Russian Admiral with his wife and family. He runs a little saw-mill and raises his own vegetables and chickens. And he was a real admiral in the time of the Great War, and must have done good service. He is away out there, living

humbly and quietly on the shores of Stuart Lake in the Northern Interior of British Columbia.

In his humble home, he has a big, solid-silver ink-stand, beautifully carved, on the table, with an inscription on it saying it was presented to him by his fellow officers. And on the walls are pictures of Russian ships and naval officers.

WITH CANOE AND GUIDE

After dad had worked hard for some weeks and got all his information together, he felt that before we left we were due a long week-end trip up that forty-five miles of lake, to see what was at the end of it and to find out for himself if all the fish stories he heard the man at the lodge tell were really true, or just — fish stories.

So we started out with a guide, early one morning, in a 27-foot canoe, with a good outboard motor, taking with us a small tent, a mosquito-net, fishing gear and a grub-box. We didn't get very far when we found ourselves bucking a strong wind, which was cutting the lake water up. We were soon drenched with spray, and our guide thought we'd better turn back till the wind slackened.

We did, and it died down in the afternoon, and we made a fresh start.

WE CAMP IN THE WILDS

It certainly was great, chugging away up that wonderful lake, with its rocky islands, with dwarfish trees on them that made them look as if they might shelter a Robinson Crusoe on each, while away on and up, as far as one could see, were the mountains rising one behind another, rows and rows of them, till they buried themselves in mists and white rolling clouds in the sky.

One island, bigger than the others, was called Honeymoon Island, and some folks say it was there that James Douglas went for a holiday when he got married to Amelia Connolly, the daughter of Chief Factor William Connolly. That might be quite true, but so many stories go about. For instance, they say



Honeymoon Island, Stuart Lake, B.C.

James Douglas and his wife lived in a little cottage that is still in use as a dwelling at the fort, but that couldn't be because that cottage wasn't built till a long time afterwards.

Just before it got dark — in the gloaming, as the Scottish folks call that period between afternoon and night — we drew

ashore and prepared camp — chopping down fir, balsam and spruce boughs for our bed.

Say, — but the smell of those boughs is certainly great.

We put up the tent, with the mosquito net strung up inside it. Our guide's name was Ed. He was a weather-beaten, leathery-faced Englishman, the owner of the lodge, who had spent thirty years in the North as game-warden, fire-ranger, a farmer on the Peace river, constable and everything else.



Ed. an efficient guide.

He was an old hand at camp cooking and soon served up a dandy supper of flapjacks, bacon, beans, fried fish and gallons of hot coffee. Coffee seems more the man's standby in the outdoors than tea, and so many get used to taking it without milk and even without sugar. I can manage without milk all right, but without sugar, — Ugh!

A GUIDE'S HUMOUR

Ed was quite a funny man.

"No man is expert at tossing flapjacks," he said, "till he can toss them from the pan, up the inside of the chimney, and race outside his cabin and catch them on his pan again as they come down."

After supper, we felt as if we owned the whole world, and we just rested on our elbows beside a fine fire, with the moon coming up high over the lake and its reflection dancing on it. We told stories, listening mostly to Ed's.

"Gee, but I love to get away up here," he said. "Fort St. James is getting far too civilized for me. If this goes on, I'm going farther north. Why — just three weeks ago they had a dance in the schoolhouse, with a real orchestra from Vanderhoof. Gettin' too big for gramophones any more!"



MOSQUITOES AND LOONS

The mosquitoes began to bother us badly, so we crept under our mosquito net and lay there in our blankets till we got sleepy.

But the mosquitoes, — whee! They drummed and droned, and sang for our blood, as they surged between our canvas tent and the mosquito netting that shielded us, fighting all night long to get in at us. They were there by the millions. Really!

I put my finger against the netting once, and they came in clouds after it. The very noise of them kept us awake for hours.

We were up early next morning, had a refreshing dip in the lake, a fine breakfast and off up the North Arm of the lake.

We heard the loons, with their strange ghost-like call. We watched them in the lagoons, sitting up gracefully like miniature swans, with their long necks craned to get a good look at us. The loon is held in superstition by the Indians. It loves the solitude and resents intrusion. It builds its nest close to the edge of the water and it is a wonderful diver. Its queer cry sends cold shivers through you if you hear it at night and it hits you unexpectedly.

DRAUGHTS OF FISHES

As we slowed down our engine and got ready our fishing gear — a strong English greenheart rod, with one hundred and fifty yards of thin wire line and a Stuart spoon, with a fairly heavy sinker to get the big fish that swim deep in Stuart Lake, Ed told us of the days when the lake teemed with salmon and the Indians fed on them like Lords of the Forest, while the fur-traders at the fort used to put away for winter use anything up to 30,000 salmon every season.

"And what's the cause of their extinction?" I asked him.

"Oh, — just fished out," he replied, with a shrug, "fished out before they get here to the place they were born, to spawn."

"Then what about the trout?" I asked.

"Well, if they are not watched, they'll go too. They go up Souché Creek to spawn and the Indians net them there. I've seen an old Indian woman catch as many as thirty big trout, full of spawn of millions of trout eggs, in one day."

CAPTURING A GIANT TROUT

"Hey, there, — strike!" he shouted suddenly to dad. But dad had already struck.

"Have you got him, eh?"

Ed was now all excitement, and so was I. Dad was in action and his line was unreeling like mad, with his rod doubling under the strain.

"Hold him," yelled Ed. "These aren't any common half-pounders."

The boat came round and the line slackened. Dad reeled in wildly.

"Lost him! No! — hang on. Gee, he must be a whopper! Don't hold him too taut. Give him line! No — no — not too much slack! Keep him there — that's the way."

Ed was running on like a story book and I was just wondering when dad was going to shout back at him, for dad likes to play his fish in his own way. I kept as quiet and still as a mouse, in the bow of the canoe, well out of the way. I had reeled in my line on the first strike, as arranged, so that there would be no tangling.

But that fish certainly fought. Dad's rod looked as if it had an elephant at the end of it. It didn't break water, so it wasn't a Rainbow, and, of course, it

wasn't the giant fish of the Carrier Indians legend, but it surely was a big fish. It fought all round the boat. It circled, and the line nearly got entangled round Ed's neck at the stern. If it had ever done that, Ed would have been choked to death.

Dad was on his knees more than once.

Suddenly he sighed and began to reel in slowly. The fish was beaten to a finish, or was gone altogether.

A LAST DYING EFFORT

No! Whirr! — and off he went, with dad alert and all of a flutter again. He couldn't give that fish line fast enough. It had the speed of a racehorse.

"Let out! Let out!" shrieked Ed. "You'll lose him for sure."

But dad didn't lose him. He fought him for twenty-



A Heavy Catch. Fine trout weighing 62 lbs.,
Stuart Lake, B.C.



Making Camp, Stuart Lake, B.C.

Dad, at Stuart Lake, B.C.

The Catch, all strung up.
Stuart Lake, B.C.

five minutes and the tackle held. At long last the fight was over, and he came in like a lamb. I saw the head of him, and I began to wonder if I'd ever see his tail, he was so huge; but utterly played out. So was dad for a few minutes.

Ed was keen and quick, and gaffed the giant fish at just the right second. I hated to see that done, but such a fish couldn't have been got on board in any other way. Our net wouldn't have held him.

"A lake trout — eighteen pounds if he's an ounce," cried Ed. "The biggest fish out of the lake this year."

And it was. Even when dad was back in September, it hadn't been beaten, although bigger trout than that have of course been taken out of Stuart Lake many a time.

Well — after a rest, we tried again. We got a fourteen pounder, but it didn't fight at all. Then I lost one and dad lost one. But no fisher ever gets all he hooks in Stuart Lake, that's why it is such good fun — the fish always have a fighting chance to get away.

FIGHTING RAINBOWS

In shallower water, we lightened our weights and tried for Rainbows.

Rainbows are the real, fighting Jack Dempseys of all fish. They jump ten feet in the air, twist, twirl and

somersault. They fight like demons, like wild horses. I lost one, then another right at the boat side. Then, oh joy! I landed an eight pounder right up to the net and dad hoisted him aboard.

Say, — but that was a real thrill!

I photographed dad landing a ten pound Rainbow, with Ed hoisting it in the net, and the photo came out great — a real action picture.

I know you fellows will forgive me telling all this fishing adventure, because it was a wonderful morning, and we were alone, a thousand miles in the wilderness, with water, and mountains, and forest all about us. Can you wonder at a boy living it all over again?

We didn't gaff Rainbows. No, — it was net or nothing with them. Rainbows are far too beautiful, too sporty a fish to mar with a gaff.

Our catch in three hours consisted of five fish — sixty-two pounds of trout meat.

"That's enough and more for any one fishing, Ed." said dad. "No man has any right to be hoggish. Let's call it a day."

"Right," replied Ed, "and I'm glad to hear you say it. You're different from some men I get up here. They'd keep on fishing if they sank the boat with their catch, although they wouldn't know what to do with it afterwards. A real fisherman knows when he's had a real day's sport."

CAMP ON AN ISLAND

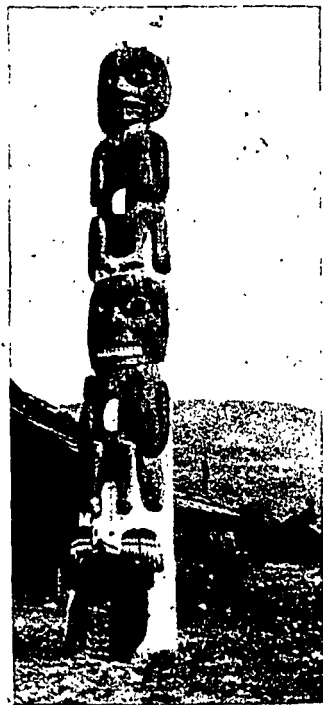
So we gave the engine more gas, and made for an island, where we camped and had supper, and spent the night free from the worry of a single mosquito. Then we discovered that mosquitoes don't care much about flying over a mile or two of water to an island, so the islands are practically clear of them when not too close to the mainland.

Next morning we speeded the rest of the way to the lodge at Fort St. James — tired but happy, after the greatest week-end's fishing I ever experienced.

TOTEM POLES AT KITWANGA

With work completed at Fort St. James, dad had to be on his way, so almost before we knew it we were hurling farther westward on the train for Prince Rupert.

At Kitwanga, we got off to inspect the Indian totem poles. Kitwanga is one of the few places left that has a whole village of totem poles. They certainly are queer affairs, and full of interest. Apart from these totem poles, and the Hudson's Bay Company trading post, the village looks very poor indeed.



Totem at Alert Bay, B.C.

Totem Thunder Bird,
Alert Bay, B.C.

Mountain Lion Totem, Kitwanga, B.C.

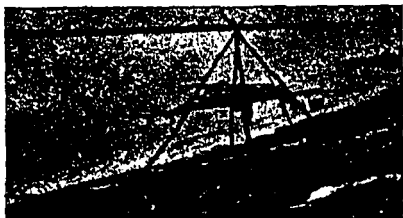
Totem at Kitwanga, B.C.

STRANGE INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOMS

Besides the totem poles, there were graves, with wooden roofs over them to keep off the rain, and on some of these graves were strung on poles old mouldering coats, caps and trousers belonging to the dead men buried there. Why Indians do that I don't know, but dad has a photo of an Indian burial rack on the Mackenzie River somewhere, where the dead are placed up on a wooden frame (to keep the body away from animals I guess) and pots, and pans, and blankets, and guns, and clothes are hanging up all around it. The Eskimos put belongings of the dead on their graves, too, only the Eskimos do not bury their dead because of the ground being frost-bound most of the time. They lay them on the earth and pile stones on top of them, in a sort of small cairn, with lots of their belongings strewn over the top.

A QUEER INDIAN MUMMY

I remember seeing in "The Beaver", a long time ago an article by Chief Factor French, the present fur-trade Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, about the Tsimshian Indians. He told of a strange



An Indian's last
resting place.



A queer Indian
Mummy.



Indian Graveyard, Hazelton, B.C.

find he made which made it appear that mummies were not all of the Egyptian kind we usually read of.

The Indians he spoke of had the habit of burying their dead in caves, to keep them away from prowling animals, wolves and dogs. The knees of the dead were drawn up under the chin and the bodies were packed tight for burial.

On a small island, just outside of Fort Simpson harbour, which he visited in 1915, he found one of these caves containing many bodies in perfect condition, although the blankets in which they were wrapped were crumbling with age. The moccasins on their feet, the very paint on their faces and the hair on their heads, looked as good as new.

One of the bodies was set up and photographed. The body weighed only 23 lbs and just seemed to have dried out, for it was its original size. An examination of the cave showed sulphur crystals and other chemicals injurious to insect life, so perhaps this accounted for the preservation. With no insects or worms, the bodies just dried out, and had stayed that way for eighty years; yet this district is the most damp in all British Columbia and the cave wasn't more than thirty feet from the ocean.

The Carrier Indians used to burn their dead, and the widow of a dead warrior used to pick up some of his charred bones from the funeral pyre and carry them on her back in a buckskin satchel, until the people of

her clan could give a 'potlatch' — a distribution of gifts. This is said to be how the name Carrier Indian originated.

SOMETHING ABOUT TOTEMS

But about the totem poles. Unless one has inquired carefully one does not get the right idea of what they signify, but it is simple in a way too. The aristocrats among white people are proud of their crests and their descent. The North American Indians are also proud of theirs.

The totem is generally a carved cedar pole or tree, with the bark peeled off. It is painted sometimes, and sometimes not, but it bears the family emblem or crest, and the historical record of the family or clan. The figures on the totem poles usually represent animals, birds, fish, as the Indians believe they originally descended from these.

Many Indians belong to the same clan, and so claim the same clan totem, which binds them closely together for defence and offence against others in council and in war. The clans have their particular totems — such as bear, wolf, buffalo, deer, hawk, eagle, swallow, killer-whale, and even the halibut fish, and they stand in different ranks, just like earls, dukes, barons and knights in England.

The clan totem is fixed. A man can't change that. This also applies to the Indian's own personal totem.

He adopts this in his youth. He goes out into the bush alone and remains in prayer and fasting till he gets delirious, or a little bit 'goofy', then whatever animal, or bird, or fish may appear to him in his dream becomes his personal totem. He goes out and hunts and kills one, and takes its skin, or some other part of it, maybe just a feather, a tuft of hair, or a bone, — and he carried this always with him as his greatest treasure. It is his guardian angel, his protector, the bond between him and his spiritual dream. He can't get rid of it. He can't put it away from him. It isn't his charm exactly, or his fetish, — that is a different thing again.

CHARMS AND FETISHES

The Indian also carries charms and fetishes, the same as rabbit's feet such as the negroes carry, but these charms the Indian can change as often as he likes.

After the Indian kills one of his personal totem from which to get his token, he will never kill or injure or eat it, for it is his good-luck in hunting, his safety in war, his wisdom in council, his health-giver, his 'medicine'.

Some wooden totems are of great height and wonderfully carved. Some consist of carved columns of black slate, but these are costly and can only be had by an Indian of great wealth and power.

On the totem poles are put the family crests, the stories of the family exploits, sometimes the figure of the owner himself, and sometimes that of another held up to ridicule.

THE LEGEND OF THE THUNDER BIRD

The great Thunder Bird, with outstretched wings, is a favourite totem among the Pacific Coast Indians. One legend of the thunder bird is that thunder and lightning originate in this great eagle-like bird, the lightning being caused by the opening and shutting of its eyes, the thunder being the sound of the flapping of its wings, and the heavy rain that usually follows being the overflow from a lake of fresh water which this giant of birds carries on its back.

This certainly seems a bit crazy to me, but it is evidently quite reasonable to the Indian.

These are not the only forms of totems. They can be carved on pipes, woven in blankets, painted on tents, and even tattooed on the body.

Males and females of the same clan totem do not intermarry, as that would be like relations marrying, and among the Haidas of the Pacific Coast the children take their clan totem from their mother — not their father as one might expect. With southern tribes this rule does not hold.

INDIAN CEREMONIAL BLANKETS

The ceremonial blanket or robe of the tribe, of Chilkat Indians is a very fine example and a rare one too of the totemic art and native weaver's skill. The blanket is made of white wool from the mountain goat, dyed yellow, black or greenish blue with native dyes. Red cedar bark and sinews of caribou or whale are interwoven with the threads. The sides and lower edge are fringed. The designs are purely native and date back before the time of the white man on the American continent.



Indian Chiefs and Medicine men from Hazelton District, showing Chilkat Ceremonial Blankets and costume of a Thousand Thimbles.

The man provides the material, erects the loom and designs the pattern-board. The woman does the actual weaving, which takes about a year to do. The designs represent fish and birds, bears, killer-whales, wolves, ravens, hawks, eagles, halibut, et cetera.

The wool is dyed after it is spun, and strange to tell for each different colour the weaver fasts one day in order to ensure a uniformity in shade.

Very few blanket weavers now remain and this will soon be another lost art. The Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg has a very fine one on exhibition. I have examined it often.

MEDICINE MEN

The Hazelton Indians who were at the Sir George Simpson Centennial Celebrations at Fort St. James wore some nice ones. They sent a special deputation to dad on the Sunday to ask if he would photograph them in their regalia, which he did. They had their rattles made from snakes' skins and strangely designed carved wood, very old. One of the men had a coat that was fringed and decorated with thousands of ordinary domestic tin thimbles, and these rattled and jingled even when the man breathed.

Some people think the medicine-man stuff among the Indians is all a thing of the past, but it isn't.

Those Hazelton Indians were all chiefs and med-

icine men and some of them, one in particular, had big reputations for being men able to work cures when white doctors had failed.

We photographed every totem in Kitwanga, then piled on to the train again.

TOTEMS, AT ALERT BAY

On the boat coming down from Prince Rupert, we stopped at Alert Bay, another famous totem-pole village on the Pacific Coast. Here the Indians had the appearance of being better off than those at Kitwanga. They do a lot of fishing and cannery work.

The Captain of the ship held the boat there so that dad and I could go through the village and have a chat with the chief and photograph; and also visit the Indian cemetery, which contained a number of thunder-birds.

I bring that part in now because I want to be finished with totems and not have to write about them again later.

WE REACH PRINCE RUPERT

We were met at Prince Rupert by my mother and little sister, and my aunt and uncle who live there, and we spent a few days with them. But it rained nearly

all the time. Still, we managed to get motor-boat trips, and swimming in the good old salt ocean again, and a little sea-fishing. And we had a few suppers of real, fresh crab-meat that didn't come out of a can, but straight from the ocean.

Prince Rupert is only about 22 years of age and it has made great progress in that time. The city seems to be cut out of the face of a mountain, just as Seattle was, and no matter where you go you face the beautiful sea. It is built on an island and there is a fine drive, but it wasn't completed all the way round when we were there and when going round our car got stuck in a mud hole and we had to get planks and shovels to get us out and on our way again.



Prince Rupert, B.C. from the hill.

A STRANGE INDIAN SMOKING DRUG

Up around this place it was famous in the early days of the fur-traders on the Pacific Coast, Port Simpson being one of the headquarters. I can remember Chief Factor R. H. Hall, who was a fur-trade Commissioner with the Hudson's Bay Company at one time, paying us a visit at Winnipeg, and he told us a queer kind of opium story of the Indians of the Port Simpson district. He said that in 1877 when he was in charge at Port Simpson district, Indians from Alaska and the Queen Charlotte Islands used to come in to trade.

For their trade with the local Indians, the interior Indians brought dried, wild berries, done up in regulation-sized packages. The Naas Indians brought a fish grease that could be eaten. The Queen Charlotte Islanders brought fine new ocean-going canoes made of cedar, also a much valued commodity called "Wondaw", an extract from a flower which they cultivated. This was smoked and had the same effect as opium. These Islanders also brought gold and silver.

Mr. Hall said he found on investigating this smoking drug that traffic in it had practically stopped about the year 1830, on the introduction of the white man's tobacco, but a very old Indian he questioned about it could remember, as a boy, having seen the wondaw flower growing. He said the land on which it was

pecially grown was carefully cultivated, prepared and fertilized.

The seeds or the flowers themselves were ground in stone mortars, then boiled, and the substance strained. The stuff when cool looked like a soapy material. A small pellet of it when put in the mouth produced a happy condition of mind, followed by sleep.

When this old man was shown a modern seed and flower catalogue, he picked out, strangely enough, without any prompting, the Poppy as being most like the wondaw flower he knew.

These Queen Charlotte Islanders are not like the mainland natives, even their language is different. They are better at the finer arts and crafts, being able to make jewellery with weird and clever designs. Many think they are originated from the Chinese, as it is known that on several occasions Chinese junks have drifted across the Pacific Ocean on to the west Coast of Queen Charlotte Islands: Only recently a Japanese boat drifted ashore in the same way. So this Wondaw business that Mr. Hall spoke of is perhaps the old opium habit learned from the forefathers of those Queen Charlotte Islanders who came from China.

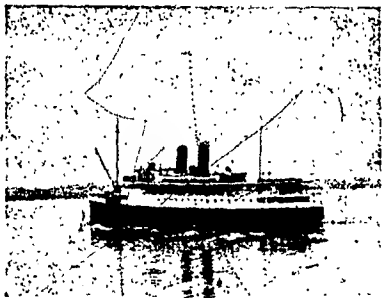
SAILING DOWN THE PACIFIC COAST

We were to go down the coast in the boat my uncle commanded.

We got the boat all right, but as ill-luck would have it my uncle had been transferred that trip to another steamer.

This was my first experience of sleeping overnight aboard a ship on the ocean, although I had slept on what was practically the same kind of thing, a steamer on Lake Winnipeg. I fairly enjoyed this sail. All down the coast we came on salmon and halibut-fishing fleets and canneries manned by Indians and Chinese. One can't imagine the bigness of the Pacific-Coast fishing until he sails seven or eight hundred miles down the Coast and encounters fisheries and canneries practically all the way.

A QUEER LITTLE SAILOR



S.S. "Cardina" leaving Prince Rupert, B.C.

The ship's cat was of the 'common alley' kind. It was called 'Epco', named by one of the officers after a racehorse. It was a one-man cat, for it wouldn't let anybody touch it, and my little sister just dripped tears about it, for she loves any-

thing with a tail and four legs. However, Epco submitted to her caresses after a while and even allowed himself to be photographed with her.

I spent a lot of my time with dad forward among the sailors. One little seaman came up to dad after a while. He was as Scottish as peat.

"Excuse me, mister, but are you the man that wrote that?" He pushed a Scottish weekly paper under dad's nose.

Dad looked at the paper and then at the little sailor. Sure enough, on the page of what he held out was part of a serial of dad's that was running in that paper at the time.

Dad said, "Yes!" but he looked as if he were uncertain whether the acknowledgement would bring him a word of praise or a crack on the nose, — some people are so queer about the stories they read and often take things personal.

The sailor grinned.

"Man, — that's fine," he said. "I have just won half a dollar over you. You see, I heard your name and that you were a writer, so I bet my pal that I knew the man who wrote this and that he was on this very boat."

THE WEE BROWNIE

We got to talking with the little fellow. He came from the Hebrides, the Western Isles of Scotland, and

he told us a queer story about 'little men' that showed us the belief in fairies and in brownies hasn't died completely even yet.

"I was visiting some relations on one of the outer isles," he said, "and every night before going to bed they all used to sit down on chairs, round a wee stool, and take off their boots and stockings, and nobody dared sit on the wee stool. And after they had supper of porridge or brose, they left a bowl of the food on the wee stool in the middle of the floor.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Oh," they said, "don't you know? That's the wee brownie's supper. He comes here every night for shelter and he brings us good luck. We always leave some supper for the fine wee man."

"And do you know," said the sailor to us quite seriously, "I was the first up next morning, and when I looked I found the porridge had been supped out o' the bowl as clean as your hand. Mind ye, I'm no' a supersticious man mysel', but a thing like that makes a man think."

BACK TO MY PLACE OF BIRTH

It was great to be in Vancouver again, to haunt the wharves, where the Oriental boats come in and go out, and to go over all the warehouses and railroad

tracks which my dad wrote about in "~~Gordon of the~~ Lost Lagoon," where he tells the story of a little orphan wharf-rat of a boy who turned out to be of the real stuff.

Dad spent ten years on that water-front, so I guess he knows it pretty well.

In two weeks, after he had completed his work at Victoria, where I had often visited when living in Vancouver, we were on the move again for Winnipeg, but we took time to spend three days in Vernon, in the Okanagan Valley. I have already told all I know about that country, so will say no more about it here.

THE BLACK DOUGLAS

And before leaving Vancouver, I had a trip by automobile to Fort Langley. That place was also connected with Sir James Douglas. All through this trip I seem to have run into places connected with that very great man. It is interesting when you piece out your journeys to find they fit together just like a set of puzzle blocks.

I was born on the Fraser River, as I have said before, not so far from where Simon Fraser ended his voyage of discovery of 1808 when he left Stuart Lake and Fort George. Now, my last journey was in 1928 to Stuart Lake, and we stopped off at that very Fort George for a look round.

And so, my mother's people are Douglasses, from Annan, Scotland, so of course stories of the Black Douglas, who captured Edinburgh Castle from the English in the time of Sir Robert the Bruce, always got me all 'het up'. When he and his followers clambered the face of the rugged and steep rocks on which the castle was built, and scrambled over the wall, where Douglas heard an English soldier's wife trying to hush her restless baby to sleep, and she sang a tribute to the great Scottish chieftain, although she didn't mean it as that,

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet, ye;

The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

and the Black Douglas stepped out of the shadows and placed his hand on her shoulder saying:

"Be not so sure about that, my good woman," — that story thrilled me and stiffened the hair at the back of my neck.

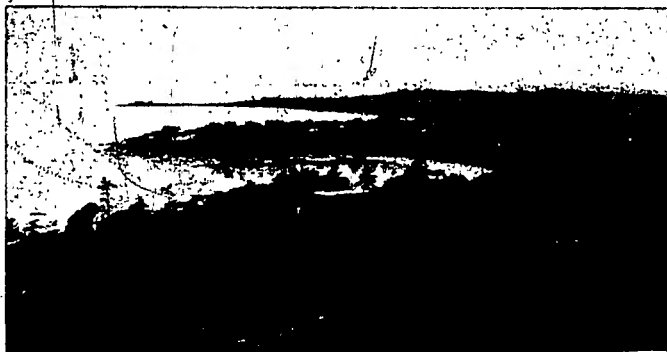
THE GREAT SIR JAMES

Then, coming to more modern times, the name of Sir James Douglas caught me, too. And I visited Fort St. James where he served as a humble clerk — not humble in himself, but in his job, for I do not think he was ever of the humble kind; more of the fighting Black Douglas type.

And somebody once told me and I never forgot it, that the Black Douglasses were all red-headed, the



The last of Fort Langley, B.C.



Beautiful Bays of Victoria, B.C.



Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

name Black being given them because of their deeds in early history and not on account of their complexion — but that may just be a tale.

Anyway, I visited Fort St. James where he served, and I handled the dagger that threatened his life there. I visited Victoria, a thousand miles south-west, which he founded in 1843, and I saw the last of the oak trees on the water-front, on one of which he posted a notice on landing, taking possession of the land for a fort site in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. I held in my hand the little pencilled notebook, with his own personal jottings in it of those early days, now carefully guarded under glass in the Victoria Museum.

FORT LANGLEY

And I went to Fort Langley from Vancouver. Of course there isn't any fort there now, just one old building left, and a monument which has an inscription:

"The first trading post on the Pacific Coast of Canada. Built 1827 by Hudson's Bay Company. Destroyed by fire and rebuilt here in 1840.

"The scene of the first agriculture and the first fishery in British Columbia. The birthplace of the colony of B. C., 19th day of November, 1858."

What interested me most was the date 19th November, 1858, for on that date, at this very fort, Chief

Factor James Douglas (the same James Douglas) was invested as Governor of the new colony of British Columbia. So, in my journeyings, I had linked up the chief places of interest in British Columbia in connection with its first governor, who, as you may already know, died in Victoria, B.C., in 1877.

THE END OF THE TRAIL SO FAR.

And with that I come to the end of my travels so far. What new adventures and travels may be in

store for me, I don't know, but I'd like to visit Scotland, and Ireland, and England, and the Far Arctic, and the South Sea Islands, and India, and often I have wanted to go up the Amazon. But I guess I'll have to be contented for a while and peg in at my schooling. Dad never lets me neglect that, and I don't mind, for he's a pretty good old dad to let me see all I have seen so far, and he is always a real pal.



Cairns erected by Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, on site of Fort Langley, B.C.

I really never thought this would ever get to the size of a real book, but it is just as dad said at the beginning:

"If a fellow makes up his mind, and stays with it, and gets interested in it, the work is done almost before he knows it."

T-H-E -- E-N-D